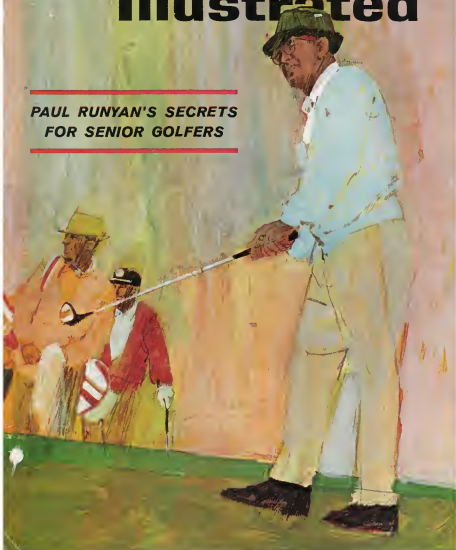


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AUGUST 8, 1962

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Next week

THE STOP-MOTION gaze of John Zimmerman's camera makes bowling pins painted the colors of fruit drops give up the spectacular secrets of what happens when a ball has them.

FOR THE FIRST TIME the World Sport Parachuting Championships will be held in the U.S. Rex Lardner reports on the American parachutists training in Orange, Mass.

TEMPERAMENTAL TOMMY BOLT, the loudest noise of golf, tells Werner Gerry Holland that he has a message for everyone. Learn to relax, says Tommy, and he shows how—almost.



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SCORECARD

A BOGEY FOR GOLF

The booming popularity of tournament golf can be laid to the magnetism of a very few players—Palmer, Nicklaus, Player, Snead. If a tournament has them it is a box-office smash, and if it doesn't it has no more appeal than an all-male dance troupe. Tournament sponsors have long wanted the Professional Golfers' Association to insure participation of its superstars in tournaments, but there has been no insurance. Instead, the PGA took a regrettable step backwards when it sanctioned a \$75,000 exhibition called "World Series of Golf," September 8-9, making it impossible for Palmer, Nicklaus and Player—the "World Series" competitors—to compete in the Denver Open that week.

"Low blow!" cried Ray Korte Jr., president of the International Golf Sponsors Association, and rightfully. He recommended cancellation of all western tournaments, including the Denver Open. He said an action that could result in tournaments being dropped "must be frightening to the hundreds of players who travel the circuit for money." Indeed, the players were angry. Said Don January: "We don't have enough to say about something like this."

Jim Gaquin, tournament manager of the PGA, now frankly admits the handling of the World Series event was "a mistake." Potential sponsors are wising up to the fact that golf's stars are likely to skip certain tournaments, and a number of them have demanded the same, skip-proof dates. "It has put me in a position of making one sponsor deliriously happy and alienating the others," says Gaquin. More important now is that a faith has been shattered, and the game will suffer for it until the PGA learns that big tournaments need big names and a meaningless, gimmicky World Series must never conflict with established and meaningful events.

SONNY OF SUNNYVILLE

Except for his sparring partners (he knocks out one per session) Sonny Liston in camp is not the old sobersides he has

been pictured. Patrons of the Pines, the Catskills resort where he is training to fight Floyd Patterson, have found Liston waggish and hammy, a 220-pound merry-andrew, whose great heap of a body astride a skinny English bicycle is a comic sight, flitting about the grounds in the manner of a performing bear. He waves to neighbors and passes time with admiring kids. His public workouts lure the guests from their panochie, mah-jongg and cha-cha lessons. He enters the tent that serves as his outdoor arena to shouts of "Hi, Sonny!" "What say, Champ!" "Look, dear, there's Sonny!" He does head stands on a table, bouncing and rolling precariously as if to begin a one-man avalanche. He bends the boards, skipping rope in perfect time to a rock record of *Night Train*. He poses willingly with the guests, gagging up the Polaroid shots by spreading his huge hands over a man's bald head so that it looks as if the man is wearing a hat of brown bananas.

The general manager of the Pines said at first he feared that in Liston he had bargained for trouble but since has found him to be "a great guy, friendly and obliging as you please." A little red-haired boy, one of Sonny's frequent companions, said he thought fighters were supposed to be real rough—but "not Sonny. He's nice. We talk a lot. No, never about boxing. Mostly just about things. You know. Like he was a friend of mine."

WHY OF LIFE

Milk is food for babes, but for grown men wheaten bread.—Philo, 40 A.D. "You said it!" said Percy Cerutty, Australia's angry old man of athletic agonies. Lashing out at unsuspecting university students in Adelaide last week, the man who reared Miler Herb Elliott on raw rolled oats, raisins and nuts cried: "Milk has a psychologically terrible effect upon the male animal and should be banned early in life. Once he has the taste of milk he will never properly develop as an individual. It makes a boy"—hold on, now—"mother-drawn."

Later, still wound up, Coach Cerutty spelled out the lurking villainy inherent in milk drinkers. "The poorer types of athletes," he said darkly, "are mothers' boys never properly weaned. Their addiction keeps them on a sort of psychological umbilical cord."

Naturally, dairymen, health experts and football players unanimously countered "nonsense"—and the local milk board ran 12 columns of ads in the *Melbourne Sun* saying, "From the day you are born, as long as you live, you need milk." Cornered, Cerutty reluctantly recalled that Elliott used to slug down four glasses of milk daily while breaking four-minute miles, and admitted that he himself cuts his tea with milk. "I like the flavor," said Cerutty lamely.

GETTING A HEAD

It was a giant and a beauty, the 14-point elk bagged by John B. Irick north of Chama, N. Mex. in 1939. Irick, naturally, had it mounted and took it home. Predictably, Mrs. Irick said it should be donated to the New Mexico Fish and Game Department.

Traveling half in and half out of a borrowed jeep, the elk made it to Santa Fe, startling motorists en route but delighting the Fish and Game people, who put it in a warehouse. It was one fine specimen.



men, they agreed, but after weeks in the field watching elk, the game wardens were in no mood to have an elk watching them. So last fall the gorgeous head was sent to the New Mexico State Fair.

Alas, all fairs must end. The elk, now lovingly called Cabeza de Vaca, after the New Mexico explorer who never quite knew where he was, wound up on the wall of the capitol custodian's office,

where the receptionist objected to its staring at her. It simply had to go, said the regretful custodian, and poined Cabeza off on the state records office, which has a high ceiling and a low seniority.

There Cabeza de Elk rests today, hanging in peace, and we like to think of him there in years to come, gazing majestically—if fixedly—over future generations of archivists. As for Mr. Inck, he has given up elk hunting.

THE INSIDE TRACK

• Southwest and Big Eight conferences will be the first to adopt a common letter of intent agreeing, in effect, to keep hands off each other's football signees. The Atlantic Coast and Southeastern conferences will follow suit.

• Irving Kahn (TelePrompTer Corporation) is back in the picture—and big—for the closed-circuit televising of the Liston-Patterson fight. Graff, Reiner and Smith, the firm that beat out Kahn in the bidding, ran into trouble and now Kahn is renting them equipment, arranging for use of the lines and taking over the community antenna set rights.

• Puffy Berg, well set financially and, at 45, tiring of the travel grind, will quit the women's pro golf tour after this season.

NEW GIRLS IN TOWN

"The girls," they are called in Newport. They are *Gretel*, the Australian challenger for the America's Cup and her companion ship *Vim*, and last week they suffered the frequent fate of new girls in town—no one came out to play with them. *Columbia* disappeared to get her mast resteped. *Easterner* went into dry dock to have her bottom scrubbed. *Neferiti* put on 1,000 pounds and *Weatherly* crept home to catch up on her beauty sleep.

Just as well, for with no one watching, *Gretel* broke her boom. Eyes politely averted, American yachtsmen overlooked the distress. But along with the boom, the ice was broken. *Gretel* was not perfect, she had at least one blemish—and wasn't she just another 12 meter after all? Seeming indifference became kindly interest. "She looks very fast," conceded *Columbia's* Charlie Morgan, who had really been pecking at the girls all along. Don McNamara, whose novitiate *Neferiti* was now down to her sailing lines said, "She's a sweet hull and carries a fine set of sails." Indeed, *Gretel* is young and lovely, her crew treats her with fond respect and takes her out with quiet determination, knowing full well

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SCORECARD

she is in unfamiliar waters. The crew is hungry. To the question, "Will you take the cup back to Australia?" Co-helmsman Jack Sturrock answers, "That's what we came here for."

PACE AMONG MANAGERS

A certain unexplained serenity has settled over the managerial ranks of the major leagues. Here it is, almost two-thirds of the season gone and not a manager has been fired, not a manager has been given a "vote of confidence" (the prelude to being fired). This is the best record for managers since 1953, when only Rogers Hornsby of Cincinnati failed to finish the season—but lasted well into September. Yet lest they grow cheer and think about buying houses, let them be further reminded that in 1953 Charlie Dressen of the Dodgers was replaced after he won the pennant.

JACK AND THE BRITISH

Jack Nicklaus returned from the recent British Open in surprisingly good humor for a man who had finished 34th and still had scratches on his back from backing through the gorse bushes. He has since told of his misadventures at Old Troon, and it's a wonder he came back smiling.

There was, for example, the morning of Friday the 13th. Nicklaus was scheduled to tee off at 8:16, when U.S. Open champions usually are dreaming about their endorsements. Then his wife Barbara set the alarm an hour late. Nicklaus shaved frantically that morning and got to the pro shop at 7:45, giving him just enough time to hit a few practice shots.

"But the place was locked," Jack says, "and my clubs were inside. I'm pounding on the door when a man from the Royal and Ancient comes up and tells me the pro shop opens at 8. I tell him I've got to get my clubs. 'I'm very sorry, Mr. Nicklaus,' says the official, 'but the pro shop at Old Troon has never opened before 8.' And it didn't, either."

Nicklaus suspects he has much to learn about the British. He already has reserved a room in Manchester for 1963.

CREW IN A STEW

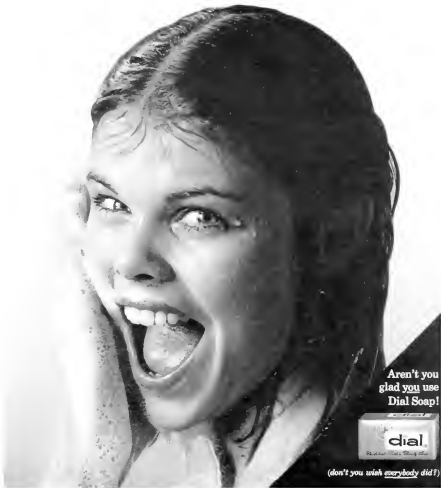
"There's no sign of panic now," said Joe Burk, the Pennsylvania crew coach, "but just wait until the '64 Olympics in Tokyo. When America takes a licking there you'll hear the hue and cry, all right." Burk's prophecy may be accurate, but his timing is off with American crews.

(continued)

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SCORECARD *continued*

bringing up the rear in Rome. Henley and Philadelphia, the hue and cry has already begun. Rowing officials, of course, pay it no mind.

Burk contends that we fail to lead with our best when we offer our champion college crew instead of combining our best individual oarsmen for international events. Jack Kelly Jr. of Philadelphia's Vesper Boat Club objects to the U.S. Olympic Rowing Committee's prohibiting a winner in one event from competing in another. Star Sculler Ted Nash would have us adopt Burk's plan and include a summer training camp for top crewmen.

But these are comparatively young men with young ideas. Traditionalists look askance at both and are weary of crises popping up only when national prestige is at stake. But tradition, to be valuable, must sustain life, not crush it. The young (and qualified) voices of Burk and Nash and Kelly should be heard.

GREATNESS REVISITED

Joe D. was there, and Pepper and Duzzy, Lefty, Gabby and Hank. The big crowd at Yankee Stadium for Oldtimers Day cheered them all, regardless of stripe, and it seemed like 1937 all over again with DiMaggio, gray and 48, legging out an inside-the-park home run, Duzzy Dean looming large on the mound ("Don't expect to see a curve, I don't have one no more"), Pepper Martin stealing second. Later, they retold old lies and passed the limnetic bottle and Joe D., winded from his run, smiled. "It's time," he said, "to retire again."

THEY SAID IT

- **Dodger Sandy Koufax**, after injury to his pitching hand benched him in the middle of his best season: "I feel like Job. I can't get mad at anybody except the Lord, and if I do that I'm afraid things will get worse."
- **Bad Davis**, new Colorado football coach, after several of his players were declared ineligible by the Big Eight: "I'm going to have a TV show this season but haven't chosen a name for it yet. Maybe I'll call it *Where's My Line?*"
- **Baltimore Colt Rookie Bob Hogue**, a 295-pound tackle, on reporting to camp: "Whew! I never saw such huge men..."
- **Willie Pep**, on how a boxer knows he is finished: "First your legs go. Then you lose your reflexes. Then you lose your friends."

END

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Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 6, 1962

Igor Ter-Ovanesyan, Soviet Master of Sport and current holder of the world broad jump record, was pleased to find himself the subject of a **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** cover on July 18. After the recent U.S.-U.S.S.R. duel meet at Stanford University, Igor returned to his room and wrote, in neat Russian script, his views on international competition, the nature of his personal life, what he has learned from American athletes and how he became a Soviet track star. Here for the first time in any U.S. magazine:

A SOVIET CHAMPION TELLS HIS OWN STORY

By *Igor Ter-Ovanesyan*

The two days at Stanford Stadium can never be forgotten. I have taken part twice in the Olympic Games and I believe that I am speaking for all sportsmen when I say that this Russian-American competition embodied in itself, with particular force and expression, the Olympic ideal of friendship and honest struggle. We found ourselves equally able to be ferocious on the running track and friendly in everyday life.

Up to the final parade, not all of us were happy in the same degree. That is quite obvious and understandable; there were the victors and the vanquished. But when we all, shoulder to shoulder, walked in the victory march on the track (at the close of the meet) we were all equal, for our friendship was still there.

As I write this, we have only one day left in Palo Alto. And let the reader forgive me for the dispassionate tone of my tale, for I have only one free evening for the writing, namely the one of July 22, 1962.

I was born May 19, 1938 in Kiev, in the Ukraine. I'll say immediately that I was born into a sporting family. More than that, my father, Aram Ter-Ovanesyan, was in the '30s one of the Soviet Union's record holders in the discus throw.

In addition, at the second All-Soviet Union Spartakiad in 1928, he finished second in the standing broad jump.

If I say I grew up in a stadium, it is really true. When I look back on things now, I think that there wasn't a single sport I didn't try my hand at (except the golf). At the age of 3 I was skiing, at 7 I learned to swim, at 9 I was an enthusiast of gymnastics, and it seemed from morning to evening I stood on my head, something for which I often received chastisement on the other end.

At the age of 10 I took part in a big sports festival for the first time. At that time in our country there were huge physical culture parades. The idea was to popularize sports. All the Soviet Union republics took part in them.

We were then living in Yerevan, and I competed for the Armenian Socialist Republic. In one part of the festival the best weight lifter in Armenia, Sevo Ambaratsunyan, came in carrying a barbell over his head, but instead of the regular weights on the end, there were two huge spheres. Inside

continued

UNDER A COCONUT HAT he bought in Palo Alto, Ter-Ovanesyan grins like a Russian Jerry Lewis as he reaches New York en route home.



the spheres were hidden small soccer players. I was one of them. The spheres opened suddenly and, before the surprised spectators, as in a fairy tale, we little soccer players appeared.

But I especially liked jumping. I thought that I jumped in an especially light and beautiful way. I recall how, in my childhood, some puddles would remain on the drying asphalt after a rain. I would run out into the streets, barefoot and with special joy. I would run everywhere jumping over these small spots of water, risking splattering the passersby. And I was very angry at the people because they wouldn't notice or understand how well I jumped. I thought that here, immediately, a coach would notice me, would come to me, would take me by the hand and say, "Let's go. If you like, I'll make a champion out of you."

But, for some reason, no one came to me, and for many years I jumped only over the puddles.

Time went by. My parents moved to Moscow. At school, in physical culture classes, Sergei Gavrilovich Parfionovitch taught me order, and organized practice and physical exercise. Play slowly became a hobby, the hobby a passion. In 1955 I finished school. I was 17. In the depth of my soul, I began dreaming about the Olympic Games.

By that time I was already interested in track and field, which I practiced at the Children's Sports School under the leadership of Vadim Zaporozhnikov. I was too weak physically, and my training varied, since many of my muscles had to be strengthened.

I forgot to tell you that even before, when I was 12 or 13 years of age, I had mastered the technique of such complicated sports as pole vaulting and hurdling. That allowed me, later, without much training, to score 7,200 points in the decathlon. At present, my best results in various categories of track and field are: high jump, 6 feet 6 3/4 inches; pole vault, 13 feet 9 1/4 inches; 400-meter run, 50 seconds; 200-meter dash, 21.7 seconds; 200-meter hurdles, 23.7 seconds; shot put, 44 feet 3 3/4 inches; 100 meters, 10.4 seconds. [Here, and from this point on, unfamiliar metric measurements have been translated into feet and inches.—ED.]

But now I am running, somehow, ahead of things.

At the Russian Olympic Trials in 1956, I jumped 25 feet 4 1/2 inches, breaking the U.S.S.R. record by almost two inches. That record lasted only as long as Oleg Fedoseyev needed to jump in his next attempt and break it. Neverthe-

less, I won the right to go to the Olympic Games for the U.S.S.R. Our team was to take part in the Games for the second time; for me, this was the first attempt at international competition.

In Melbourne I was full of desire to jump far, but I did not know how to judge conditions realistically. I would dash forward like a madman, and as a result I fouled three times.

These Olympics were a big lesson. I saw all the best track and field performers on our planet. Until then, I considered the American, Gregory Bell, as the best broad jumper. He combined all the best qualities of a sprinter and a jumper, and his technique deserved to be imitated.

Four years passed. One had to do a lot during these years.

Studies at the institute took much time. Before lunch there were lectures and seminars, then training and, in the evening, study at home or at the library. Working with books showed me how little I knew. I had much to read and learn.

As far as sports were concerned, things weren't any easier. I knew I was too slow in my approach run to jump very far. I knew that what I lacked most was speed. My results improved slowly. Although I ranked first in Europe in 1958 with a jump of 25 feet 7 1/2 inches, it was still clear to me that my insufficient technique would hinder further progress.

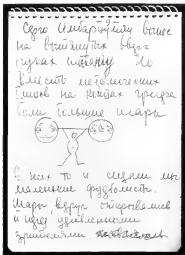
I spent much time on various experiments; many things I had to discover by myself. But I was experimenting too much and I couldn't decide on anything. People are right when they say that even a bad system is better than no system at all.

In that respect, things are easier for the American broad jumpers because such brilliant athletes as Jesse Owens, Eulace Peacock, John Bennett,

Gregory Bell, Ernie Shelby and Ralph Boston followed one after the other. They could learn from each other and, also, they could look back for good examples.

I am not afraid to tell you Americans that I have learned a lot from you and I wasn't ashamed to learn. Thousands of times I studied the movies of Jesse Owens' jumps. I tried to acquire the harmony of running form and speed which were peculiar to him and very much his own. From Bell I tried to learn the art of keeping balanced while in flight. From Bennett I wanted to learn his softness, from Shelby his impeccable landing. Boston forced me to see the takeoff in a new light. I commit no error when I say that I know the mistakes and the strong points of these broad jumpers better than they know them themselves.

But there cannot be two people who are alike in this world, and in the same way there cannot be two similar



IGOR'S MANUSCRIPT includes sketch showing how author and other youngsters crouched in fake burbleff at sports show.

forms of movement. For instance, in school all children learn to write, but each one of them works out his own unmistakable handwriting. Thus I was also working out my own "handwriting." I wasn't alone in my experiments; otherwise it would have taken me much more time. A group of rather strong jumpers appeared in our country. There was a scientifically worked-out method of sports planning and there was medical control—all these things were opening new possibilities for progress. In 1959 I jumped 26 feet 3 3/4 inches.

The year 1960 was beginning. In order to better prepare for the Olympics, I decided to spend my winter vacation in the mountains. And there something happened I had not planned on at all.

It would be too long a story to tell in detail. But jumping from a natural, not a man-made, runway, I fell on my back, suffered a brain concussion and tore to pieces a muscle in my hip. This happened in January, and I had to spend a month in bed.

That was certainly a bad start to get ready for the Rome Olympics!

When I began to walk, the doctors found an atrophy of the big hip muscle. The question came up, should I go on with sports? But from my early childhood I understood the magic action of physical exercise. And it became my principal drug.

I started to take that drug three times a day by doing a tremendous amount of various exercises in order to bring back the use of the injured muscle. I never thought before that I could be such a fanatic, actually possessed by a demonic spirit of exercise.

I even started to walk in a special way, somehow sideways, trying to strengthen the injured muscle. When sitting, I always tried to contract that muscle. To a stranger, this looked funny and quite often my behavior was a matter for jokes. But for me it was not a joke. Not long before the 1960 Olympics, I showed good results, and I was taken on the Soviet Olympic team.

In Rome, in 1960, I met Ralph Boston for the first time. He was already a world champion. We were introduced to each other on the night before the Olympic events began. I liked him.

Boston became the Olympic champion and I finished third. For the first time in the history of track and field, four men, in the same competition, jumped over 26 feet 3 inches. Such a thing had never happened before.

Two more years fled by. I finished my studies at the institute and went on studying as a graduate student. I think I was growing more serious. This may sound rather dubious—would a serious man devote all his time to the broad jump? Why?

After I married, my life became fuller. My wife's name

continued on page 53

WITH FELLOW CHAMPION AND JAZZ FANCIER VALERI BRUMEL, IGOR SHOPS ON BROADWAY AFTER THE PALO ALTO MEET



MISS AMERICA HAD THE INSIDE TRACK

Snooping and clever tactics brought victory to Seven Thirty over the best field of ladies in years

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

Forty-five minutes before last Saturday's \$141,875 Delaware Handicap, Johnny Longden, the wise and wrinkled old jockey of 55, and Manuel Ycaza, the rough and romantic young jockey of 24, were talking about females. Female horses, that is. "Manny," said Longden, "you could travel your lifetime and watch a billion races and you would never find a field of fillies and mares like this one." Ycaza ran his finger down the list of nine starters, thought and said, "Yes, John-nee. Today we finds out who is Miss America."

Miss America turned out to be a dark bay fighting lady named Seven Thirty, who succeeded in winning the Delaware Handicap by the most desperate of heads from the far damtier Cicada. Seven Thirty is not really good looking and she has bad habits, she often gets herself in trouble, normally arrives home late and fits perfectly one of Sir Walter Scott's descriptions: "Vain as the leaf upon the stream, and fickle as a change-ful dream." But what an apt name she has. Her father is Mr. Music, her mother is Time to Dine.

The Delaware Handicap is the biggest single race for fillies and mares in this country. It is run in the elmed quiescence of Delaware Park, seven miles outside of Wilmington. Traditionally it draws the best, and this year it outdid its long and proud history. The nine starters had accounted for 42 stake race victories and \$1,700,000 in purses.

From the West came Limita, whom Longden himself compares favorably with two fine fillies of the recent past, Busher and Silver Spoon. From the East came Cicada, "the little bug," who has won more money than any filly or mare in history. Primonetta, the first foal ever

sired by Swaps; Bramalea, the winner of the Coaching Club American Oaks, the filly equivalent of the Belmont Stakes. Seven Thirty came along, too, but most people thought she was only there for the exercise. Her owner, George D. Widener, who usually can be found wherever the most important races are run, didn't even bother to go to Delaware Park to watch her. He stayed instead in Newport, Rhode Island, doing whatever Wideners do when they don't go to the races.

Primonetta and Bramalea, an entry, were made quick favorites for the Delaware Handicap, and for sound reason. Primonetta is a front-runner who has enough gumption to keep up her speed over a mile and a quarter. Bramalea can be rated by her jockey, and saved for a formidable run from behind. If Primonetta were to fire and fall back, then Bramalea could come rolling on to win.

There was a certain amount of respect for Cicada, too. After all, in a lifetime of 26 starts she had never been out of the money. The betting public holds her in such esteem that she has been even money or less in 12 of her last 13 races. In the Delaware Handicap, however, she went away at nearly 4 to 1. Even her fondest followers were beginning to think she has been run too often.

Seven Thirty, while lightly considered by the public, was thought highly of by the horsemen. They had seen her get into more trouble than any horse should get herself into. "Talk up Cicada, Primonetta and Bramalea if you want," said Casey Hayes, the trainer of Cicada, "but don't talk down Seven Thirty. In most of her races she's had real rotten luck. She'd get bumped or boxed and by the time she could free herself and start run-

ning again it was too late to do any good."

When the starting gate opened, Primonetta scooted to the front as expected. Cicada was tracking her, though, and at the end of six furlongs Willie Shoemaker pushed Cicada past Primonetta and opened up a three-length lead. As Cicada came to the head of the stretch only one horse could possibly catch her: Seven Thirty.

Right from the start Jockey Larry





JOCKEY LARRY ADAMS MOVES SEVEN THIRTY FORWARD ON MALIGNED SECTION ALONG RAIL TO BEAT CICADA BY A HEAD

Adams had kept Seven Thirty moving along the rail, defying the general belief among Delaware Park's jockeys that the surface along the inside of the track was deep, heavy and tiring. Before the race Adams had listened to everyone tell how tough it was to keep a horse moving on the inside. But Adams alone decided to find out if it was true. During the post parade he had an outsider take Seven Thirty to the inside. "I jogged and

walked her and it didn't seem too deep to me at all," said Adams. "In fact, it felt good. Seven Thirty liked it."

When Adams saw Willie Shoemaker and Cicada stay a few feet away from the rail at the top of the stretch he knew his pre-race experiment might just pay off. "I guess," said Shoemaker, "that we were about eight feet off the rail. I really believed that it was too deep on the inside and so I kept Cicada out."

Adams brought Seven Thirty pounding into the narrow hole that Shoemaker had left open. Cicada and Seven Thirty fought it out from there in most unlady-like fashion, and it was Seven Thirty who edged in front at the wire. "That mare," said Adams, "dug in and fought like she's supposed to. She didn't fool around, and she stayed out of trouble." Now that she's Miss America, maybe she'll keep minding her manners. **END**

LOUD VICTORY IN TWIN TOWN



HOUSTON & JOHN GERBER VIGOROUSLY POINTS OUT ERROR TO ALFRED M. GRUENTHER (LEFT), CHARLES GOREN AND LEW NATHAN

Bridge is a sedate game and its deeply serious followers are generally as demonstrative as opium smokers in the transports of euphoria. But last week in Minneapolis, a very unsedate and very packed gallery whooped and hollered and carried on as if the Twins' Bob Allison had just hit a homer to beat the Indians—which, in fact, he had. The object of their huzzahs, however, was not the Cleveland ball game but the Minneapolis-St. Paul bridge team which had gone ahead of Houston in the inter-city match for the title of Bridge Capital of the

United States. It was a skinny advantage that the Minnesotans enjoyed, but it came in the 75th deal of their 80-deal match and, as the home-town crowd of 600 sat by expectantly, the Texans, themselves upset winners of the *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* title from Los Angeles eight months ago, slid into defeat.

From the beginning the audience eschewed the usual (and often stultifying) decorum and cheered its team of good steady players as it piled up a first-day lead of 45 International Match Points (roughly equivalent to 2,250 total points)

over the Houstonians, who were playing somewhat erratically. Still, among the voting experts, there was a feeling that the well-inflated balloon had to burst. Despite the brave show of Minneapolis' iron man, Dave Clarren, who played throughout, and his teammates, Morris Freier, Newton Dockman, Farrell Green, Julien Philipppy, Herschel Wolpert, Donald Horwitz and Norman Justice, Houston picked up 14 IMPs on one important hand in the second day, added another 15 when a Twin Cities pair bid an impossible slam, and then in the third

Nolay bridge enthusiasts cheered as the Minneapolis-St. Paul team got off fast, sagged sadly in the middle, then came on strong to win the title of Bridge Capital of the U.S.

by CHARLES GOREN



Walter J. Kohn

session came through with a sensational defensive play (see *Hand 1*), engineered by Curtis Smith on the 52nd deal. It was not the biggest swing of the tournament, but it was by far the best-earned one.

The bidding is unimportant, since both teams reached a four-spade contract, played by South.

The devastating opening lead of the club 10 was found by Smith, playing West. Dummy's jack was taken by the queen, and the king of clubs returned to force the ace. Declarer trumped the third

round of clubs with the spade 5 and was overruled with the 6. A spade return was won by the declarer, who rejoiced in having his trump-suit guess resolved. Unfortunately, he elected to cash the spade jack next. The heart queen was covered and won by dummy's ace. Back came a low heart to the 9, and Smith made the essential but extremely difficult play. He let South's 9 win the trick. With only the spade ace as entry to dummy, declarer couldn't bring home the heart

sequence, resulted in the declarer playing a six-bid at a suit in which he himself held only three cards (see *Hand 2*).

In the closed room, where the deal was played first with the Texans sitting North-South, South surprised by declining to open the bidding. This gave West a chance to open with a weak two-spade bid and made it difficult for North-South thereafter. North jumped to four hearts and when East bid four spades, South raised to five hearts. The ace of

HAND 1 NORTH

♠ A 9 4
♥ A 10 7 6 2
♦ Q 3
♣ A J 2

WEST

♠ 10 8 6 2
♥ K J 4
♦ 10 7 5 2
♣ 10 8

EAST

♠ Q
♥ 8 5 3
♦ K 9 4
♣ A Q 9 6 4 3

SOUTH

♠ K J 7 5 3
♥ Q 9
♦ A J 8 6
♣ 7 5

HAND 2 NORTH

East deals

♠ K
♥ A K J 9 8 7 5 3
♦ K 8
♣ K 5

WEST

♠ A 10 9 8 6 5
♥ Q
♦ Q 4 2
♣ J 9 7

EAST

♠ 7 4 3 2
♥ 6
♦ A 9 7 6
♣ 10 8 4 3

SOUTH

♠ Q J
♥ 10 4 2
♦ A 10 5 3
♣ A Q 6 2

suit. He did his best by leading a low diamond toward dummy's queen, but East took that card with the king and returned a diamond. Declarer could avoid losing another diamond only if he trumped one with the spade ace, and by so doing established West's 10-spot. No matter how he played he had to lose another trick in addition to the club, diamond and club ruff already in the opponent's book. Going down one cost a combined loss of 750 points, worth 13 IMPs to Houston.

For the rest of the third session, things for the Twins went from bad to worse. Houston scored a phenomenal 87 IMPs while holding the Twin Cities to 20. Thus, when the final session opened, the Minnesotans faced a deficit of 22 IMPs where they had led by 45 only 20 boards earlier.

Their recovery began with the introduction of General Alfred M. Graenther, a St. Thomas School boy from St. Paul who made good and thought the Twins should too. They did. The crusher came on the 78th deal, when the Twin Cities combination bid a slam which, by an odd

spades was the only trick the defenders could collect.

In the Bridge-O-Rama room the tense audience heard this bidding.

EAST (Twins)	NORTH (Dallas)	WEST (Robert Wolff)	NORTH (Clayton)
PASS	1 ♠	1 ♠	4 N.T.
PASS	5 ♣	PASS	6 ♣
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Since Charren's four-no-trump bid was a Blackwood call for aces, it was South, with only three cards in the suit, who bid hearts in order to show that he had two aces in his hand. North carried on to six hearts. The ace of spades was led and that was the defenders' only trick. Bidding the slam was worth 11 IMPs and gave the Twins a virtually insurmountable 17-IMP lead. They added another two IMPs on the next deal; then the only passed-out deal of the match furnished an anticlimactic ending.

But the audience had already exhausted its emotions. Minneapolis-St. Paul was the Bridge Capital of the U.S. The baseball Twins, when they get back to town, should have as noisy a following. **END**

EASY LIVIN' AND NO MORE BUGLE CALLS

Summer camps are junking regimentation in favor of a relatively new but thoroughly tested concept: a child does best what he wants to do
by **HUSTON HORN**

It's summertime, and for several million American parents the livin' is made a good deal easier by the fact that their children are packed away in some of the country's 11,000 summer camps. The livin' isn't really hard for the children, either. That's because the old camp bugle call, the grim regimented "play," and the peremptory stop-whatever-you're-doing routine of summer camps are disappearing. Coming in is the idea that on a summer vacation a child should do the things he wants to do.

Before the season is over about one out of every six schoolchildren will have attended a summer camp of some sort. To keep these 5.5 million campers in camp, their parents will spend more than a quarter of a billion dollars this summer.

Summer camping took considerable time to reach those impressive figures, with only slight increases from year to year. But now there is a real resurgence. Day camps, operating near big cities during the daylight hours, have burgeoned, and the residence camps have suddenly begun showing big jumps in enrollments. But it is not the number of children in camp that accounts for the current controversy and excitement on the subject; it is what they are doing. An astounding array of activities has been added to camp programs. Denounced as gimmicks by some and hailed as creative contributions by others, they have made the summer camp scene more lively, especially for teen-agers, than it has been in decades.

The directory of summer camps (see page 48) lists about 100 different camp activities vigorously pursued now in some of the nation's camps, everything from expert instruction in baseball at the Dodgertown Camp

for Boys in Vero Beach, Fla. to desert exploration trips in Arizona or canoe trips in Maine. This suggests the wide range of interests among all the camps in the country, the recent increase in their specialized training, the fanciful nature of some of the programs.

"Instead of remodeling the child to fit the camp," said one expert recently, "the camp is remodeling to fit the child." A descriptive listing for a California camp in the American Camping Association's *Directory of Accredited Camps* says simply, "Campers choose each day the program activity they wish. Simple life!" The modern emphasis on letting the camper do what he wants doesn't mean total anarchy; he merely selects his favorite from the available programs but these are broader than ever before, especially in sports. Summer camps always taught swimming, of course, but now they must contend with such vacation rivals as the family-oriented country club, the Little Leagues, home swimming pools, teen-age travel tours and family camping trips. To the dismay of traditionalists, the new camps are teaching everything. Some even are running Little League or Babe Ruth League teams of their own, "doing in the woods," says one critic, "what could be done better in the city. The true purposes of camping are being subverted."

True, the emphasis on providing the children with training in whatever they want leads occasionally to excessive responses. You can find a camp in Maine where a boy is spending his vacation practicing judo, while at another camp a schoolmate is taxing his brains boning up on how to bowl. There is a camp in New York state where children learn to water ski and also audition for a television program, all in a Far Western "ranchy" atmosphere. At a really "progressive" camp *continued*

After two hours of riding instruction in her first season at western camp, 12-year-old Blythe Howland proudly carries her saddle through the barnyard at Quarter Circle V Bar Ranch Camp.

Photographs by Farrell Graham



these days you won't find any competition, but boys and girls may "noncompete" in pioneering or journalism. Other camps offer star study, sketching, telescope making, trampoline instruction, ghost-town explorations, burro packing, gold mining, covered-wagon trips, marine biology, milking, roller-skating, folk singing and folk dancing. "Boys sleep in Sioux tepees," says the descriptive literature of one camp.

At the opposite extreme one can find camps where Span-

ish and French lessons are gently spooned out to recalcitrant students as they loiter on the beach, or camps that are lodged in converted resort hotels where maids tidy up the beds, adjust the air conditioning and vacuum the wall-to-wall carpeting, and where European chefs prepare the chuck wagon lunch. Typical happening in one of these: the camp nurse was called in to treat a hiker for a barked shin, he had tripped over the doorsill of a gift shop.

Still, the daily regimen for many of this summer's camp



At a "horse camp" in Arizona 9-year-old Ronnie Priett (above) demonstrates calm mastery in handling a horse, something he learned in his two seasons there. At right, Shan Heller of Phoenix, riding her own horse, Pal, demonstrates the result of training in a camp cloverleaf barrel race.



visitors is what it has always been: living in the woods or on the beach (there are two acres per camper in the U.S. camp grounds), savoring the simpler pleasures of campfire cooking, tent pitching, horseback riding, hiking, fishing, tree-leaf identification, lariat playing and being rained upon. To ignore these activities would seem almost "un-American"; they have provided the traditional program in summer camps for decades, and summer camps are a 100% "made-in-the-U.S.A." concept.

Harvard's great president, Charles William Eliot, said that the organized summer camp was "the most significant contribution to education that America has given to the world." In 1861 a Connecticut schoolteacher, Frederick William Gunn, set up a summer out-in-the-woods camp to supplement the regular school year for boys. Twenty years later came two more, one for "weakly" boys and the other for wealthy boys who were thought to be frittering away their manliness and natural usefulness at the swank resorts

continued





Camp with the St. Croix Voyageurs means a seven-week canoe trip through northern Maine wilderness for the two intent 15-year-olds (left) shown on the West Branch of the Penobscot.

to which their parents dragged them. Camp Dudley, the oldest camp in continuous existence in the country, was started in New York state by the Young Men's Christian Association in 1885. The Boy Scouts pitched their first tent in 1910, and the Girl Scouts in 1912. Now nonprofit organizational camps, like those of the Boy Scouts and the Y, account for three out of four camps. Private camps and municipal camps make up the remainder.

From the start every child was supposed to have fun at camp, but the fun was admittedly a sly device to keep the camper happy while he absorbed the lessons of work-sharing, self-reliance and selflessness. Those words came easily in Founder Gunn's time; what is surprising is that

they still are true about camping today. Julian Wilder, a camping authority and an assistant professor at Springfield College, puts it this way: "In few places in our way of life is a child exposed to the same situations as in a camp. Camps can crisscross geographical, social and, increasingly, racial lines, and they present a child with 24-hour living among children. Camping is an unapproached way to equip oneself for successful adjustment to the adult world. A child—I don't care if he is underprivileged or overprivileged—cannot be a mere onlooker in a camp."

Another powerful argument for summer camps is that they engender a love of the outdoors that becomes rewarding in adult life. A camp director recently said that one of



Teen-agers at Summer Camp Afloat strap on air tanks for scuba-diving class in Grand Bahama Hotel pool. When the training period is completed, they will explore the coral reefs.

the best friends nature has in these days of agitation over conservation is the adult who has learned to love the outdoors as a camper. "Any parent who imagines that the exposure to nature that a child gets at camp is a trifling thing is woefully confused," he added.

While some traditional camp directors feel that the special activities are only jejune doodads that becloud the issue, others argue that no amount of gimmicks can ever change the solid essentials of camping: democratic, cooperative living in the wide outdoors. "The traditional aspects of camping will continue," said one expert, "for the very simple reason that the more city life becomes artificial and stifling, the more outdoor life becomes appealing. That

doesn't mean that kids want to sleep on rocks, or that it would prove anything useful if they did. It does mean that the world of nature has something very vital to offer our society, and children are shortchanged if they never find it."

As valuable as authorities claim organized camping to be, the whole idea nevertheless has been badly abused in the past. Anyone can open a summer camp. The only interference the amateur director encounters is from the state government which, in most cases, prescribes rudimentary health and sanitation procedures. If such camps succeed at all, it is, says one wise observer, solely because "of the unbelievable patience of children, who will forgive anybody for almost anything." Some camp directors worked principally

continued



At end of all-day cruise organized by Summer Camp Afloat, Charlie Huey and Mark Bromberg (above) watch moonlight from bow of the schooner *Bosfor*. The start of a 30-mile cruise (right) finds boy campers on *Bosfor* oging girl campers aboard *Traveler II*.

"to imbue the children with a loyal, no-complaining team-spirit idea to the point where the kids are afraid to mention anything short of a broken leg." Leadership in a summer camp is whatever the director wants or is able to make it if comic books and candy bars keep everybody happy, he is free to ordain that as camp policy.

But the way of such camps is growing harder. The camping organizations, including the Association of Private Camps, the Catholic Camp Association and the American Camping Association, now enforce standards that reach a majority of the nation's camps. The American Camping

Association, the largest and oldest, covers almost half of the country's resident camps. It has a strict code of standards that govern everything from the temperature of the refrigerator to the number of showers in the wash-shed, and the standards for camp personnel are as rigorous as those for equipment.

The camp that was once able to make its way by offering children a bare minimum of food, equipment and activities is also having harder going these days for another reason: Parents are holding out for camps with enriched programs and well-trained personnel. Still another force hampering

Continued on page 45



PAINTINGS BY FRANCIS GOLDEN



BELOVED WILDS

The muted, misty paintings on these and the following pages evoke the beauty of the East's last wilderness area—the Allagash of northern Maine. Long known as classic canoe country, the Allagash also is a fine place to hunt, fish and camp. But most of all it offers primeval peace, a rare commodity in the crowded East. Therein lies a tale of controversy that now echoes far beyond tranquil shores (see page 37).

At dawn, a float plane from Greenville brings the day's first fishermen to quiet Allagash Lake





In the stillness of a midmorning drizzle, a guide poles past the stately
pines of Round Pond into the white water below





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A WORKING WILDERNESS

Since Henry David Thoreau traversed it in a birch-bark canoe more than a century ago, the Allagash country has changed. The dense forest, the jeweled lakes and the sparkling brooks he wrote about then remain, and the Allagash River itself is as challenging and wild a canoe route as any in America. But the wilderness quality of the area is in serious jeopardy.

The Allagash country has been most affected by the paper companies—Great Northern, International Paper and others—which own virtually all of the one million forest acres in this working wilderness. The majestic white pine has long been exterminated by overcutting, and spruce, balsam fir and a variety of hardwoods are now the area's principal products. And although the paper companies today cut more selectively than the unscrupulous old-time timber barons who clear-cut for quick profit, the area has lost much of its intangible wilderness aura because of the noise and extent of mechanized logging operations. Sportsmen now can drive over a network of paper company roads into areas once accessible only by woodsmen's trails, canoe or horse.

It is because of these changes that the Allagash is now the focal point of a controversy that is also affecting America's wilderness areas elsewhere—the issue of multiple use. The battle here is primarily between two parties: the government and the landowners. Afraid that the Allagash would eventually lose all of its wilderness recreational potential because of increased commercial logging, the Federal Government last year proposed to buy from the paper companies (for an estimated \$9 million) a tract of 296,000 acres, including 63 lakes and 360 miles of rivers and streams. The tract would become a national recreation area under the jurisdiction of the National Park Service. Fishing, hunting, camping and canoeing would be encouraged, and access roads would be limited to preserve the region's wilderness character. All logging would be prohibited.

The opposition to government intervention came from the paper companies (and from the State of Maine as well), and it was immediate and vigorous. They argue that true multiple use of a forest means selective cutting, which increases wildlife populations by providing more browse feed, as well as recreation and wilderness preservation. They insist they have been following just such a policy and can continue to do so without the government's help.

Apparently as a concession to the paper companies, the government is now considering limited logging in the area. Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall, after an inspection trip of the Allagash last month, suggested making the

area "part of a national forest . . . a sort of halfway thing with some harvesting still being done."

Ironically, while the paper companies and the government battle over the practical meaning of multiple use and who will "save the Allagash," a proposed U.S.-Canada hydroelectric power project at Rankin Rapids on the St. John River, $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles below the mouth of the Allagash, may decide the fate of the area once and for all. The dam would



create a reservoir of some 93,000 acres which would flood 98% of the Allagash River, effectively eliminating the famed canoe route and a fine native brook trout fishery as well as the proposed recreation area and a good chunk of paper company land. An alternate proposal, involving dams at Big Rapids and Lincoln School on the St. John, would preserve most of the Allagash River but is expected to be far more costly than Rankin Rapids.

There have been other suggestions on how to continue cutting and still save part of the Allagash for wilderness recreation: zoning by the state legislature or a trusteeship or a nonprofit corporation. None of these "solutions," however, is as yet well defined. The basic issue remains unresolved: how the Allagash can best be managed for the future, and by whom. A compromise is clearly needed—one that will maintain as much of the wilderness character of the Allagash as possible, while providing for increased recreational facilities and truly selective cutting of its timber. Steps must be taken that will, in Thoreau's own words, "rather preserve its life than destroy it."

—DUNCAN BARNES

For the last two years 54-year-old Paul Runyan has been both PGA Seniors' and world seniors champion. Here he sets forth a new philosophy for the older golfer, with instructions and exercises. A teaching professional at the La Jolla (Calif.) Country Club, Runyan is a member of the pro panel of Golf Digest. His first golf book will be published by Doubt, Mead in February.



RELAX, PIVOT, SWING, ENJOY

by **PAUL RUNYAN**

The average senior golfer (to define "senior" I diplomatically retreat to the Professional Golfers' Association's designation of "50 years of age or over") has a swing as stiff as a dead tree limb, a handicap over 20 and the conviction that it is old age which is ruining his game. He is right in feeling the passing years have made his muscles less elastic, his reflexes less sharp and his wrists less flexible, but wrong in thinking that nothing can be done about his golf. I have some revolutionary advice for him. It may be the direct opposite of what he has thought, but by following it he can both lower his scores and renew his zest for the game itself. The usual swing of the older golfer is short and

stiff. The result is a shot that has no distance. To compensate for this, the golfer places his faith in accuracy. But accuracy at the expense of power is a liability. Short drives mean higher scores. Consequently, I strongly advocate development of a fuller pivot and a longer swing—the last thing most older golfers would consider. My own pivot, partly because of exercises I have found helpful, is longer now than when I played the pro circuit in the '30s and '40s, and my drives travel 12 to 15 yards farther.

To increase or at least maintain his distance, the older golfer should develop a swing that is slow, relaxed, rhythmic—and full. The pivot starts as he twists his right hip

away from the ball and concentrates on a fluid backswing, turning his body just as far to the right as it will go. The cocking of the wrists at the top of the backswing is not a separate motion. It is the element that blends the backswing and downswing into a single action.

As the downswing starts, the head and spine are kept steady, the wrists uncocking just before the ball is hit. Strong, fast wrist action keeps the club from losing speed as it enters the hitting area. The clubhead is whipped around and through the ball. This produces clubhead speed, and it is this speed that makes it possible to hit golf shots just as firmly and just as far as the golfer was able to do in his 30s.

FULL PIVOT VS. SHORT PIVOT



CORRECT

At the top of the full pivot, the hips are turned well to the right, the shoulders are twisted nearly perpendicular to the line of flight of the ball, and the body is ready to uncoil as the hips begin the turn back toward the ball. The downswing starts slowly, the purpose being to build up clubhead speed without building up tension in the process, the clubhead maintaining its acceleration in the hitting area.



INCORRECT

In the shortened pivot, relied on too often by older golfers, the hips move only laterally during the backswing and the muscles therefore grow tense as the club is brought back—generally too fast. On the downswing, inevitably, the stiffness remains and dependence for power is placed almost entirely on shoulder and arm action rather than on the hips and legs. The result usually is an awkward, ineffective lunge.

CONTINUED

SAD PRODUCT OF ERRORS



As he strives for greater distance, the older golfer must pay attention to other elements of the swing besides the pivot. He may feel that such things as grip, stance, position of the ball at address and cocking of the wrists come naturally after years of play. They don't. Some elements must be changed because of new henns on the swing imposed by increasing age, others corrected because of habitual errors. Fortunately, he generally has developed concentration and patience to improve these things once he thinks about them.

OLD-FOLKS LUNGE is a common result when golfers stop concentrating on details. It is caused by a stiff address, short pivot, a rapid backswing and a jerky stab at the ball (*left*). Instead of using his pivot and a smooth swing to get power, the golfer relies on the forward motion of his body. Thus power is imparted to the grip end of the club instead of the clubhead.

ACHIEVING LOFT on tee shots is a common problem, partly due to lunging and partly to lack of wrist flexibility as the club moves in the hitting zone. The remedy is to tee the ball farther forward (*below*), thus insuring that the club strikes the ball on the upswing.



CORRECT IRON SHOT finds club-head firmly striking ball *slightly* below center (*left*). The club is angled so that the wrists are a little ahead of the ball at impact, the angle of the club face serving to impart loft to the ball. If iron shots lack control and power, ball should be addressed about an inch closer to the right foot.

INCORRECT IRON SHOT occurs when an effort is made to sweep the ball carefully off the grass, with the club face hitting directly under ball (*right*). This is a common mistake of older golfers. Lacking confidence and hampered by stiff swings, they try to nice-Nelly the ball toward the green. But nice Nellys don't get birdies.





TO RETAIN BALANCE through a loping swing, the older golfer tends to place his feet too far apart (Figure A). This restricts his pivot even more and causes tension in the inner thigh muscles. The heels of the medium-size golfer should be only about 15 inches apart when driving (Figure B), somewhat less for the shorter player, more for the quite tall player. The toes should point outward in a duckfooted manner to enable the body to pivot more easily. If the player is overweight—a difficulty not unknown among senior golfers—he should turn his right foot out even more (Figure C) to permit this full pivot. The heavy golfer also should use longer, whopper clubs, since the arc of his swing will necessarily be flatter.

PROPER GRIP for golfers of any age, but especially vital to older golfers, is the one that allows the easiest cocking and uncocking of the wrists. The overlapping grip I teach (left) has the V formed by the thumb and forefinger of the left hand point toward the right shoulder, and the V formed by the thumb and forefinger of the right hand point toward the right eye. A slight amount of tension should be felt in the forearms at the address position. Older golfers often turn the right hand too far under the club (center showing) as they try to recapture power. This critical error leads to smothered hooks. So check your Vs.

CONTINUED

TO QUICKEN HAND ACTION



TWO-HANDED SWINGING of a headless club (your pro can supply one) will develop hand and wrist speed. Start in the normal address position. Raise the shaft to slightly above the horizontal as if taking a short backswing. Bring it down slowly, the

arms extended. Turn the wrists over at the bottom of the swing and raise the shaft as in a follow-through. Finally, swing the shaft from left to right, wrists turning over in reverse fashion. Gradually increase the speed, but remember: 25 swings a day is enough.

Golf is fun, and exercising sometimes isn't. But a few very quick exercises and one special practice routine can help the over-50 golfer recapture much, if not all, of the power he once had in his swing. The practice routine involves hitting the ball while the heels are together. It is a kind of disciplinary measure that I highly recommend. It was often used by Bobby Jones, a golfer of no great muscular strength who seemingly relied on the fluidity of his swing to get distance with his woods and long irons. Begin by taking short swings with the nine-iron, while the heels are about two inches apart, and continue through all the irons. Then go to the four-wood, with the heels slightly farther apart, and finish by taking a full swing with the driver. The golfer is forced to keep his head and shoulders steady as he swings, for he will lose his balance if he doesn't. He must also take a slow backswing to keep from falling over—a possible cure for lunging, since a slow backswing means a slow downswing. After practicing with the artificially narrow stance, the golfer's regular stance will probably feel extremely firm and he will hit with more confidence.

To develop a long, smooth pivot, the older golfer should exercise all the swinging muscles. This can be done by degrees. Start by slowly swinging a broom a few times as if it were a club. After several days, work up to a rake and finally a long-handled shovel. About six swings are ample at one time. The fingers, wrists and forearms soon feel tired, the upper arms and shoulders less so. A stretching action is felt in the muscles of the stomach, chest and shoulders. But because the whole body is hardly fatigued, doctors have assured me, the exercise causes no strain on the heart.

PLACING HEELS TOGETHER and hitting a variety of practice shots with both irons and woods from such an artificially narrow stance will force a slow backswing and lessen head movement.

TO IMPROVE BALANCE

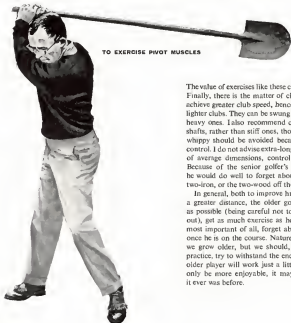


TO INCREASE WRIST SPEED



ONE-HANDED EXERCISE with any club will increase quickness in wrists and forearm muscles. Hold the club in front of the body—fingers taking conventional regular grip—and whip it back and forth as if beating a rug. For the right arm, the club

is held with the palm at right angles to the ground; then the wrist is flipped to the right, to the left and back again until the muscles are slightly tired, or about 12 times. For the left arm, first flip the wrist to the right, then to the left and back again.



TO EXERCISE PIVOT MUSCLES

The value of exercises like these cannot be overemphasized. Finally, there is the matter of clubs. The older golfer will achieve greater club speed, hence more distance, if he uses lighter clubs. They can be swung with more assurance than heavy ones. I also recommend clubs with slightly flexible shafts, rather than stiff ones, though shafts that are overly whippy should be avoided because they are too hard to control. I do not advise extra-long clubs for the older golfer of average dimensions, control again being a problem. Because of the senior golfer's difficulty in getting left, he would do well to forget about using the one-iron, or two-iron, or the two-wood off the fairway.

In general, both to improve his game and to hit the ball a greater distance, the older golfer should play as often as possible (being careful not to play too long each time out), get as much exercise as he can in small doses and, most important of all, forget about being an older golfer once he is on the course. Nature presents her demands as we grow older, but we should, through application and practice, try to withstand the encroachments of age. If the older player will work just a little, his golf game will not only be more enjoyable, it may actually be better than it ever was before.

END

Off year for the Chicago Orgs



Organized to beat the band, the Cubs rarely beat anyone except their five-man coaching staff

For Philip K. Wrigley, chairman of the board of the Wrigley chewing gum company and owner of the Chicago Cubs, it has been a miserable summer. He had to work without air conditioning in his new office in the Wrigley Building for six weeks (the help couldn't get the new unit operating). He split his fingernails trying to open a closet (the door knobs were late in arriving). Then *Newsweek* mistakenly reported, error of errors, that he had made the gum sticks smaller so the pack could be kept to a nickel. And, finally, the press has been all over him because of the Cubs. Unlike other magnates, who would seek to end their troubles by lopping off heads or filing law suits, Wrigley has taken it all as a matter of course. He is accustomed to criticism.

Ordinarily, the Cubs would be a dead issue, at least at this time of year. Chronic losers, they are now crawling around eighth place, with virtually no chance of climbing any higher. But the Cubs are very much alive, as an issue anyway, because of their unique coaching system (SI, April 10, 1961). A year and a half ago Wrigley got tired of changing managers ("You hire a manager until he goes crazy, or you fire him for public opinion") and installed a system of rotating coaches, ostensibly designed to get the most out of the Cubs and the farm teams as well. As a semipermanent second-division club the Cubs would have nothing to lose. The experiment, Wrigley said, would last at least three years.

Now that the midway point has passed, and the Cubs show no signs of climbing

DOWNCAST COACH Charlie Metro of the Cubs says, "The truest test of a man is pressure."

higher in the National League, one would imagine that Wrigley might be ready to give up. Far from it. Naturally, he is disappointed by the club's showing. ("The team was cleaning up in the Cactus League, then the season opened and no pitching at all"), but he is hugely pleased with the coaching system and has no plans to abandon it. "I think that what we started out to do has been extremely successful," he says, "and that is to develop young ballplayers. We have Cal Koonce, the pitcher, and we have Ken Hubbs (at second) and Lou Brock (in center field). They've jumped several classifications, and they're outstanding ballplayers. You can't trade for a ballplayer. You can't buy them. All you can do is raise them. And if you look at the system, you'll have to admit that it's working. What we have to do now is win more ball games. As far as the fans are concerned, nothing succeeds like success." Should it be suggested that the Cubs would win more if they had a manager, Wrigley retorts with what he considers the perfect answer: "Look at the Mets! They've got the best manager in the world!"

Although Chicago sportswriters have been quick to condemn the coaching system as another manifestation of Wrigley's eccentricity, it actually is an attempt to inject into baseball some of the principles of business management. To Wrigley, for instance, it is ridiculous to call the Cubs a ball club when, in his words, they are really "a corporation organized for profit." Whereas other teams use a statistician to compute averages on individual players, the Cubs use an IBM machine which digests and summarizes all sorts of data, e.g., ground balls, fly balls, right- or left-handed pitcher, weather conditions, etc., on the entire squad. Instead of being disorganized, as some critics have charged, the Cubs are organized to the nth degree. They are organization men in the truest sense of the term; indeed, it would be more accurate to call them the Orgs instead of the Cubs.

The Org coaching system has undergone a number of changes since its inception. (All these changes are catalogued, in appropriate organization-man fashion, in a booklet privately printed for Cub brass, *Dates and Functions of the Management Team*, now in

its 12th edition.) At present there are five coaches on the Cubs proper, each of whom, in theory anyway, takes a turn in running the team as head coach. Unlike last year, these five—except for the pitching coach—have not been rotated from Chicago. Instead, the Cubs have five other coaches, each signed to a major league contract as a status symbol, who tour the minor league clubs (called "associated teams" in organization jargon) tutoring specific players the underdeveloped Cubs want to bring up fast. Every coach, with the Cubs or the farm system, is primarily a teacher. Wrigley fears that if the team had a regular manager the youngsters would not be brought along as quickly. A manager, Wrigley says, may be impatient with a youngster because of the pressure to win. A rotating head coach, who knows the job is temporary, is not under this pressure. "If you've got security," Wrigley says, "you can take a much less selfish point of view."

El Tappe, who tutors the catchers, served as head coach the first three weeks of the season, but when the Cubs faltered, Wrigley, John Holland, one of the team's vice-presidents (there is no general manager), and other brass decided Tappe should step aside for the nonce. But even if the Cubs had been going well, Tappe might have left anyway. That is the way the organization works; it is the system more than the individual.

Lou Klein, ex-Cardinal infielder, replaced Tappe and lasted five weeks. Again there was no stigma attached to his removal. "The coaches don't lose their status at all," says Holland. "They're not losing the chance to come back as head coach. We've certainly learned from two wars that when men become battle-weary you can pull them back for a rest and send them up again refreshed. You just don't want to let a fellow go run the club until he runs his health." Klein now handles the first-base coaching box. When Tappe, who is on the active list as a catcher, singled in a recent game, Klein warned, "Don't take too big a lead." Tappe quipped, "If I hadn't listened to you before, I'd still be running the team."

Charlie Metro, onetime Philadelphia A's outfielder, has been head coach since Klein's return to the ranks. A longtime minor league manager, Metro caught the

eye of the Cubs with the young players he helped develop for the Orioles and the Tigers, e.g., Chuck Estrada, Ron Hansen, Steve Boros, Jake Wood. By his own definition, Metro is a "bitter loser." When he took charge of the team, he forbade the players to shave in the clubhouse after a game. But the other coaches got together for a vote and overruled him. The defeat rankles, but Metro has gone along with the decision; he is, as befits an organization man, a firm believer in positive thinking. Two books, *Magic of Believing* and *TNT: The Power Within You*, both by Claude Bristol, have left a lasting impression on him. "They are positive books," he says. "Everything is positive thoughts. A positive thought makes a positive action. Visualize winning, and you win."

The ready knife

Although all the coaches openly profess admiration for the system ("I wouldn't be here otherwise," "It's wonderful," "When one gets praised, we all get praised, and we're going to get praised," etc.) there have been reports of dissension. The situation is perfect for bench jockeys. "Got your knife ready?" is a frequent taunt, and so is, "Who's in charge today?" If any of the Cubs are unhappy with the system, none show it outwardly. Last year, the team got rid of veteran Don Zimmer, who didn't care for it, and the ranking veteran on the team now, Ernie Banks, thinks the system is just perfect. Of course, Banks is an organization man through and through. Every year he picks the Cubs to win the pennant. He is serious. "I still think we have a chance to finish in the first division," he said recently, handing a reporter a pack of Wrigley's Spearmint gum.

Zimmer, now with the Reds, contends that the coaching system is of value to youngsters, but he frankly doubts that the Cubs have effective leadership on the field. "In my own heart," he says, "I can't feel that the coaches are pulling for each other. I didn't like the setup. I wanted to get away and I did get away. I said the way I felt about it. You got coaches over there I know that feel that way. A ball club needs a manager."

All such criticism leaves Wrigley unmoved. "I began this coaching system by saying that he who explains is lost," he says. "And I'm right."

END

Good horses, bad habits

The animals were fine but the riders were gaudy at the annual Lexington Junior League show

The Junior League horse show of Lexington, Ky. is traditionally a happy compound of acute professional knowledge and easy sociability. The Bluegrass country, for all its overblown publicity, can still be enchanting, even in the languid heat of its midsummer.

But this year something awful was added: fashion innovations that could scare a horse.

As a matter of fact, some of the country's top champions were absent, though presumably not from fright. There were still plenty of good horses present, and as usual there was much interest in the youngsters. Some close competition was expected between Blue Lakes Farm's Regal Gold and the Dodge Stables' outstanding young filly, Local Talent, in the junior fine harness stake. Local Talent had won the 3-year-old stake last year. This spring Regal Gold defeated Local Talent at Devon, making an excellent show, while Local Talent appeared bored. But at Lexington, Local Talent was all attention and Regal Gold was in a near-uncontrollable mood, so surely that Driver Barney Reardon had to ask to be excused from the competition, giving Local Talent an easy blue ribbon.

Jolie Richardson's Coe Star, a dainty filly, defeated a nice field to win the junior three-gaited stake under the guidance of her trainer, Garland Bradshaw. This was another case of a junior repeating her 3-year-old triumph. The three-gaited grand championship was won, to no one's surprise, by the reigning world champion, Belle of the Dell, thus retiring the challenge trophy for Dodge Stables. The fine harness grand championship was captured by Danceshall Stable's Vanity's Gift, last year's winner of the junior title, now showing in the open division.

The 3-year-old five-gaited event at-

tracted nine hopefuls of good quality who had, unfortunately, to make their shows during an unsettling driving rain. This stake, too, was won by the Dodge Stables with a chestnut gelding named Spark Around, a homebred by Sparkling Waters.

The last event, and always the one to stir the keenest general interest, was the five-gaited grand championship. For the last two years it has been won by R.C. Tway's brilliant and lovely mare, Plainview's Julia. Julia's new trainer, Kenny Walker, broke his leg recently when a junior horse fell on him, so his Uncle Dudley rode in his place. Last year Julia was hard pressed for the title by Jolie Richardson's Captain Denmark. This year the handsome Captain Denmark was in splendid form, moving with elegance and grace for Trainer Garland Bradshaw, but Julia lacked her accustomed verve, and the stallion became the new grand champion. There was some feeling that the judgment was perfunctory, because no final workout was called between Julia and Captain Denmark, a courtesy often but not necessarily extended to a defending champion. Otherwise there was little criticism of the judging.

The same can't be said for the clothing on display. Some of the habits in the saddles made Lexington's historic trotting track look like the center ring of the circus. The bright-jacket fad at horse shows is nothing new, of course, but at Lexington last week there were garments of gaudy brocade that a chair wouldn't be caught covered in. There were also feminine riding jackets of orchid tones resembling a bad bathroom tile, a brown formal with matching brown top hat and even a riding coat completely covered with gold sequins that would have looked absolutely fetching on a Las Vegas showgirl. The horses, thankfully, still came in traditional colors. None of the ladies has as yet summoned up enough nerve to rinse her mount in lavender, to match her new jacket.

END



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SUMMER CAMPS

continued from page 21

the quick-buck operator is the current trend toward blending real training and instruction, whether in nature study or social responsibility, with valid summer fun—a task beyond the capacities of hard-bitten camp operators who are in it to make as much money as they can.

And the trend is in some respects lending right back to the spirit in which Frederick William Gunn founded the first summer camp. Combined with the new freedom is a

renewed emphasis on learning; not a mere continuation of school, but learning things that cannot be taught in a classroom. At present some 800 U.S. school districts include camping in their curriculum. Authorities on camping are looking forward to the time when all school districts will have camps, and when two weeks in the woods, with recreation and instruction intermingled, will be commonly accepted by a child as two minutes at the blackboard.

PRIVATE SUMMER CAMPS

There are about 2,600 private summer camps in the U.S., ranging from the traditional camp with a general program to camps with interests as esoteric as learning the trampoline or reducing overweight girls. The variety is enormous. The facilities, interests, programs and the range in size and location are all bewildering.

Listed below are 15 camps with diverse programs which will give the *SPORTS ILLUSTRATOR* parent and child an idea of the variety of choices available. There are only a small fraction of the excellent private camps in existence. The

American Camping Association in Martinsville, Ind. and the Association of Private Camps in New York City can provide further information, although there are many first-rate camps that do not belong to any association. The box on page 50 gives a list of questions to help evaluate the camp of your choice. Personal recommendations, brochures and talks with camp directors are all helpful, but nothing is quite so useful as visiting and observing the camp you are considering for next year. The time to make the visit is now, while the camp program is in full swing.

ALL AMERICAN VILLAGE.

Mammoth Lakes, Calif. For 100 boys and girls from 7 to 16. Four weeks \$400, eight weeks \$750. Kids live at Mammoth Mountain Inn. The camp is operated by Basketball Star Jerry West of the Los Angeles Lakers. Linebacker Les Richter of the Rams and Pitcher Don Drysdale of the Dodgers. The program is keyed to physical fitness and includes baseball, basketball, horsemanship, snow and water skiing, hiking, touch football, ice skating and riflery. Mountain lakes and streams also offer fine trout fishing.

CHASE TENNIS CENTER.

Westtown, Pa. Two four-week sessions for 150 boys and girls 10 to 16, at \$485 for four weeks. The center is located on the 600-acre Westtown School campus. Facilities at the school include 20 tennis courts, a tennis stadium, a lake and an indoor pool. Campers have four hours of instruction and supervised practice daily. Top-ranking professionals and amateurs such as Vic Seiras, Pauline Betz Addie and Don Budge are visiting guest tennis instructors. Chase Tennis Center also offers swimming and diving instruction, canoeing and fishing on the lake, and soccer, volleyball and basketball.

DODGERTOWN CAMP FOR BOYS.

Vero Beach, Fla. An all-sports program for 200 boys 9 to 16. Eight-week season \$600. Camp is located on site of Los Angeles Dodgers' spring-training grounds. Campers use all major league facilities including three ball fields, six batting cages and the stadium, plus two outdoor basketball courts, two tennis courts and swimming pool. Mornings are devoted to intersquad games where boys compete in their own age groups and also take batting practice, pitching and fielding instruction. The camp program includes fishing in the Indian River, ocean swimming, horseshoes, golf, touch football, track and riflery.

CAMP DUDLEY.

Westport, N.Y. A YMCA camp maintained and operated by private funds for 300 boys 10½ to 16. Four weeks \$240, eight weeks \$450. Dudley has 400 acres along Lake Champlain and an additional 200 acres of untouched forest. Facilities include a new gymnasium, boathouse with 30 rowboats and 34 canoes, four baseball diamonds, 10 tennis courts, rifle range, soccer field, a two-hole practice golf course, two outdoor basketball courts, archery range and three swimming areas. Dudley has a tradi-

tional camp program stressing all waterfront activities as well as many land sports, including lacrosse. Physical fitness is an important part of camp life. Boys spend three to four hours weekly at the camp gym. The fitness program consists of sit-ups, pull-ups, shuttle run, standing broad jump, 50-yard dash, 600-yard run, softball throw and push-ups.

GRAY GABLES THEATRE WORKSHOP.

Ossining, N.Y. Cood for 75 nonprofessional children from 12 to 18. Eight-week season \$800. The 29-acre theater camp includes dancing and dramatic writing shops and studios, an indoor and outdoor theater. Professional instruction and seminars in all phases of theater: drama, dance, music, band, stagecraft, shop, lighting, costume and playwriting. This year the workshop will produce *Dark of the Moon*, *Brigadoon* and an original revue. Broadway producers attend showcase performances. A touring company of 35 will make two road trips. For evening recreation there is swimming, fencing, tennis, team sports and dances.

PERRY-MANSFIELD CAMP.

Steamboat Springs, Colo. A riding camp for 130 girls 8 to 17.

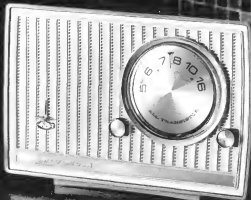
Eight-week season \$635, four weeks \$385. Located on western slope of Rockies, Perry-Mansfield has two large riding rings, a jumping ring and 50 horses. Five riding instructors teach both western and eastern riding, including schooling of horses, jumping and preparation for hunting. Advanced riders take two- and three-day pack trips to the rugged canyon country near Sawtooth Range. Camp also offers instruction in swimming, tennis and drama and dance classes.

PRAIRIE TRIP EXPEDITION.

Thoreau, N. Mex. A wilderness trip with fieldwork as natural history for 24 boys 12 to 17. Eight weeks \$650. Purpose of expedition is to explore wilderness regions—investigate physical features, fauna, flora and cultures, collect and prepare specimens. Boys stay two weeks at Cottonwood Gulch, the 440-acre base camp in the wild Zuni Mountains. Six weeks are spent on trips exploring the mountains, canyons and desert country in the wilderness regions of Utah, Arizona and Colorado. Campers travel caravan style in specially equipped trucks, establishing camps and practicing fundamentals of wilderness camping. There is a similar expedition

continued

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(Turquoise Trail) for 24 girls 12 to 16 in the same areas. Fee is \$650.

QUARTER CIRCLE V BAR RANCH CAMP OF ORME SCHOOL. Mayer, Ariz. For 175 boys and girls from 9 to 17. Eight-week season, including 11-day motorized camping trip through the Southwest, \$725. Six-week season \$600 (Laundry, pack trip and craft supplies \$50 extra.) Boys live in cabins and adobe bunkhouses, girls in the school's dormitories. Camp is on a 40,000-acre working cattle ranch, has 110 horses, three tennis courts and a 35-foot-by-90-foot pool. Activities include riding and horsemanship, ranching, conservation, a daily ranch chore period, optional peak trip, swimming, riflery, Indian lore, archery, tennis.

ST. CROIX VOYAGES 88. Auburn, Me. Maximum of 25 boys, from 13 to 17. Seven-week season \$600. No extras. Camp is run by Linwood L. (Zeke) Dwyer, who is a veteran Class-A Maine guide and also a high school physical education director. There is wilderness canoeing in canvas canoes on Maine's Allagash River, with side trips up feeder streams and to remote lakes and ponds. The canoe trip is preceded by four days of instruction and training at Chesuncook Lake base camp. Boys live "in canvas by day, under canvas by night"; canoe, fish for brook trout, landlocked salmon and ogone; hike, swim; do daily chores and wilderness cooking.

They also learn compass and map reading, tree identification, conservation theory and practice in the use of the ax.

SHAKER VILLAGE WORK GROUP. Pittsfield, Mass. A work project for 85 boys from 14 to 17 and for 85 girls from 13 to 16. Eight-week season, with a sliding scale of \$50 to \$725. The camp is on a 1,000-acre tract; the campers live and work in original Shaker dwellings and workshops in an 18th-century Shaker village. There they are engaged in restoring the original village, repairing and rebuilding the historic buildings and reviving some of the Early American industries and crafts such as weaving, herb raising and woodcraft. The "villagers" raise livestock, do farming and forestry work, landscaping and beekeeping. Athletic facilities include a private lake for swimming and boating, tennis courts, baseball, basketball and volleyball fields.

SUMMER CAMP AFLOAT. Grand Bahama Island. For 100 boys and girls from 10 to 18. Six-week season \$985 (includes \$100 fare allowance to and from island, uniforms about \$20 extra). Campsite is the luxurious 2,000-acre Grand Bahama Hotel resort with air-conditioned rooms, swimming pool (185 feet by 90 feet), seven tennis courts and an 18-hole golf course. The camp utilizes the resort's fleet of 40 boats, speedboats, sailboats, cruisers and a catamaran. Summer Camp Afloat specializes in scuba- and skin-diving, naviga-

tion, seamanship, water skiing and salt-water fishing. The varied land sports include archery, trap shooting and bowling. The camp charters schooners and ketches for day cruises and for special three-day cruises.

TREETOPS. Lake Placid, N.Y. Treetops has a senior camp for 80 boys and girls 10 through 13 and a separate camp for 60 younger children 7 to 10. Eight-week season \$750. Facilities include a large farm with 22 horses and ponies, cows, pigs, chickens, geese, ducks and goats, camp gardens, two riding rings, two baseball diamonds and Round Lake on which the camp fronts. The surrounding woods are laced with fine riding, walking and nature trails. Treetops has a traditional camp program that includes swimming, sailing, baseball, arts and crafts, riding, fishing, canoeing, music, sciences and carpentry. Children do barn chores, feed and water the animals and work in camp gardens. They climb mountains, hike and make several overnight horseback and canoe trips.

TRIPP LAKE CAMP. Poland, Me. For 225 girls from 9 to 16. Eight-week season \$950 (horseback riding optional at \$5 an hour). A traditional camp program of land and water sports that includes pioneer camping, field hockey and canoeing. Tripp Lake has 10 tennis courts, four softball diamonds, two basketball courts, two hockey fields and a junior athletic field. On frequent day trips and longer

trips girls fish off the Maine coast, paddle through the inland lake country and rough it in the White Mountains.

VIKING. Orleans, Mass. A salt-water sailing camp on Cape Cod for 100 boys from 8 to 15. Eight-week season \$625 (laundry and incidentals about \$20 extra). Experienced counselors instruct boys in sailing, seamanship and racing tactics. Riflery, model-boat building, tennis, swimming and canoeing are also part of the program. The camp has a fleet of 18 sailing craft (sloops, catboats and sailfish), also 12 rowboats, five canoes, three outboards and a high-powered 24-foot launch. Boys take overnight trips under sail. Viking competes in weekly races with neighboring camps.

WINGS USA. Windham Center, Conn. Limited to 25 boys and girls 13 to 18. Season of eight weeks includes 50 hours of FAA ground training, \$750 (actual flight instruction of 12 hours \$250 extra). Base of operations is Windham Airport. All instructors are FAA-certified personnel. Curriculum takes camper from complete ground school training program to soloing (for those over 16). Programs prepare students for Private Pilot Written Examination and Flight Test. Piper Cherokee and Cessna dual-control planes are used. Campers use recreation and living facilities of Camp Windham, where there is swimming, fishing, water skiing and accordion and guitar instruction.

WHAT TO LOOK FOR

LEADERSHIP. Is the camp director a mature and understanding person? Has he had at least 10 years of camping experience in the field? Does he have a philosophical concept of the nature and goals of his camp? Are the counselors experienced, trained in their areas of instruction and at least 19 years old? Is the ratio of children to counselors no more than 7 to 1?

CAMP PROGRAM. Is it varied, well-balanced and flexible enough to fit the camper's needs? Are there adequate opportunities for the camper to learn new skills and develop old ones? Is the equipment up-to-date? Is the camp a highly competitive one with the Reds and the Blues vying for honors? Or is it one where a noncompetitive child can

find fun and satisfaction? And which does your child need?

LIVING CONDITIONS. Are the meals well planned? Are sleeping facilities well spaced, comfortable and well ventilated? Six children per cabin with one or two counselors is an average bunk complement.

HEALTH AND SANITATION. Are the sanitary facilities (water, preparation of food, sewage, garbage disposal) adequate? Is a registered nurse in attendance and is a doctor readily available?

SAFETY. Is there a counselor in charge of waterfront activities at all times? Are there satisfactory measures to prevent fires? Is the campsite safe, with no unprotected cliffs, dangerous waters or other physical hazards? **END**

Got a lot to carry? Get a box.



Now add a few seats. Say 8.



Make an aisle so you can walk to the back.



Cut a hole in the roof to let the sun in.



Windows? At least 23. Doors? 5 should do.



Paint it up and what have you got?



The whole idea behind the Volkswagen Station Wagon.

is Margarita. She is a painter and she loves tennis. I found a real friend in her and it became easier for me to organize my practice while continuing to study. When I was a youth I liked drawing; yet with the years that small spark had never become a flame. But, today, if only you could see our walls! Sometimes we have exhibits for our friends. In one room are pictures painted by my wife; in the other, which is smaller, are mine. All our experiences, all our wishes are written down in a special book. In general, like the majority

of our people, we love our ballet, we like your Van Cliburn, we love all living and interesting things. But most of all, I love sport. I love it for its creative power. I love it for its independence. I love it for its cleanliness.

Now, a few words about my record—27 feet 3 inches.

This result didn't take me by surprise. I was jumping on June 10 in Erevan, Armenia, my home town. The competition was organized for the prize named after Aikaz Safarian, the former Armenian record holder in the broad jump.

It was snowing in the mountains, cold, with a strong wind blowing. But I was in luck. On the day of the meet, everything changed: the heat was really Californian.

The jumps were to take place at 6:45 in the morning. I began to warm up at 5:40 on the practice field, where there were very few people. I like to warm up in solitude. In that way one concentrates better. I came out on the field ready for competition; angry, but collected. I was scheduled to be the second jumper.

My first jump seemed easy, and I did 26 feet 7½ inches. Immediately I understood I must do it now, I can. I took an extra step on the approach and dashed forward, lifting my knees very high. I landed with a sideways fall to the right and I thought I had failed.

When I got out of the pit and looked, the referee was measuring the jump. I came to him and waited. And he, suddenly, without lifting his head, said, very low, as if he were afraid to talk, in a voice that seemed loud only to me, "Eighty-three-one." And I, also very calmly, a bit astounded (Is that all, is it true, has it really happened, is it that simple?) threw up my hands.

It is easy to guess how the crowd greeted me, especially if you take into account the fact that I am an Armenian and that I had broken the world record there, in Armenia. I was carried from the stadium on the shoulders of the people.

My records grew from 19 feet 8¼ inches when I began in 1952 to 27 feet 3 inches this year. Bearing these results in mind, I came to believe in the unlimited possibilities of human progress. If man can conquer the cosmos, surely he can break jump 28 feet.

I wanted very much to win at Stanford, as did all the athletes who came to the stadium. Once before, in preparing for a meet, I had looked bad. To excuse myself, I told my coach that my leg was hurting. "Yes," he said. "I can understand this. But not one of those present here would understand it. We can't explain it to them. Once you are on the track, you must compete."

It was four days before the competition at Stanford that I strained a muscle in the thigh of my takeoff leg. Three shots of novocain before the jumps allowed me to get to the starting place, but I was too upset and the pain still hampered me.

The result is known: Ralph Boston won once more. During the final parade, Boston and I walked together. The setting favored confessions. We agreed that our people should always walk together, hand in hand.

Then Ralph thought for a minute and said: "You'll jump 28 feet."

I was as frank as he when I answered him with the same compliment.

END



CONGRATULATING RALPH BOSTON, who defeated him in broad jump at Palo Alto, Ter-Ovatesyan shows his good nature in adversity.



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'MR. BOXING, HIMSELF'

For once the cliché is justified. He is Nat Fleischer, and for more than 50 years he has chronicled, with love, hope and 40 million words, the glory and decline of the prize ring

BY GILBERT ROGIN

The office of Nat Fleischer, the founder, president, publisher and editor of *The Ring*, a monthly magazine devoted unblushingly to boxing and blushing to professional wrestling, is located on the second story of Madison Square Garden in New York. Fleischer's office has two exposures. The north windows overlook the Garden's outer lobby; through the east windows Fleischer can read the Garden's marquee. These are melancholy sights for a man who, at 74, is firmly and sentimentally rooted all five feet two of him—in the humor of the past. No longer is the lobby thronged with the wise and humming fight crowd; the marquee usually displays the names of second-raters. "Boxing," says Nat Fleischer with feeling, "is at its lowest ebb."

To reach Fleischer's office a visitor must pass, as in a decompression chamber, through The Ring Museum (which includes the Boxing Hall of Fame), a clutter of incunabula, memorabilia, gimcrackery and junk in glass cabinets recalling, more or less, the heyday of boxing and Nat Fleischer. There are hundreds of old boxing gloves like great beef tongues; gilded replicas of fighters' fists, cast by an indulgent dentist, including "The Astonishing Large Fist of Floyd Patterson, which is bigger than Jack Johnson's, Jack Sharkey's or Jack Dempsey's"; a pipe belonging to John C. Hoenan, The Benicia Boy; "The Personal Bible of Stanley Ketchel"; Bob Fitzsimmons' top hat; "A Four-Leaf Clover Found by Nat Fleischer in Timaru, New Zealand"; the head of a leopard shot by Johannes van der Walt, a South African wrestler, James J. Corbett's silk handkerchief, "Indian Relics Found by Nat Fleischer in Yucatan in 1913", and 368 watches, among them timepieces that belonged to

Oliver Cromwell and Ann Livingston, the sweetheart of John L. Sullivan.

Not open to the general public is *The Ring's* morgue: 62 filing cabinets containing innumerable clippings and 40,000 photographs. "Joe Louis has an entire cabinet," Fleischer says, "and there is a whole drawer only on me." Among the photographs is one showing Fleischer at a soccer match in Argentina. Nat is depicted pushing a button to raise the U.S. and Argentine flags. "There were 102,000 people there," Fleischer recalls, "and when the U.S. flag went up there was a wild cheer. Our ambassador sent for me later. 'Nat,' he said, 'I've been down here for 10 months and I've had a heck of a time. You did more when you pressed that button than I've done in 10 months.'" In the office safe are 10,000 cigarette cards portraying boxers and other athletes, and tickets to every fight promoted by Tex Rickard and Mike Jacobs. Not on display are 200 pieces of antique jewelry Nat has collected over the years, including a brooch that belonged to King William IV, a King James II ring and a necklace and crucifix worn by Cardinal Richelieu.

Fleischer, who has a conspicuous nose and a compelling, resonant, nonstop delivery, often is called Mr. Boxing, or in the cant of masters of ceremony, "Mr. Boxing, himself," an introduction uniting man and legend. There are no contenders, worthy or unworthy, for his crown. Besides putting out the highly regarded *Ring*—which for most of its 40 years ran the only authoritative rankings of fighters—Fleischer has, since 1942, published *Nat Fleischer's Ring Record Book and Boxing Encyclopedia*. This is an annual compendium (1962 edition: 904 pages) of the records of

continued

all active boxers, champions and former champions, and selected oldtimers, as well as a mishmash of facts, figures and such recherché items as *Father and Sons in Boxing*, *Giant Boxers*, *Fighters Who Have Appeared in Broadway Shows*, and *Odds in Heavyweight Championship Fights*. Fleischer publishes only 3,000 copies a year and, at \$8.75 a copy, loses money. "But they are collector's items," he says. "I've spent \$30 to buy back my 1942 book."

All told, Fleischer has published 57 books of history, biography and instruction on boxing and wrestling, including *Reckless Lady*, the life story of Adah Isaacs Menken and her husband, John C. Heenan; *Black Dynamite*, a five-volume history of the Negro in boxing; and *Commando Snuff*. Three of his instructional books have sold more than 100,000 copies each. A nonstop author, too—when Corbett died in 1933 Nat wrote a 30-chapter biography in 36 hours with a confessedly nonliterary style. Fleischer has a dozen unpublished manuscripts in the safe. Among them are a sixth volume of *Black Dynamite*, *Famous British Fighters I Have Known*, *Crimes and Politics in Pugilism* and a 268,000-word "bibliography" of boxing. "Famous stories of past masters," says Fleischer. "Take Hugo, take Dickens, take Conan Doyle. But no publisher will take it. It's too long." Counting his articles for *The Ring* and serials and pieces he dashes off in an hour or so for foreign publications, it has been estimated that Fleischer has written 40 million words in his lifetime.

Mainly in the interests of boxing, Fleischer has made 37 trips to Europe and has gone around the world six times, furiously writing all the while. "I keep a regular log," he says, "including the name of the pilot and the name of the plane. You never know when it is going to come in handy." He has had 20 passports. Discounting entertainers, Fleischer is probably the most widely known U.S. private citizen abroad. He has received *Le Médaille d'Honneur d'Or de l'Education Physique et des Sports*, the *Costantiniano Ordine Militare di San Giorgio di Antiochia*, the *Comandatore della Stella al Merito Sportivo*, the Order of the White Elephant, Third Class, from King Bhumibol Adulyadej of Thailand—all on display in The Ring Museum—and he is enshrined in the Helms Hall of Fame in Los Angeles. "I can be in any foreign country and I have no trouble," he says. "No matter where I go—I don't care where it is—someone knows me and puts at my disposal a car and sometimes a chauffeur."

The Ring is an international publication with a circulation of 157,000 in the U.S. and 93,000 abroad; a British edition is printed in London. On his journeys Fleischer relentlessly ferrets out obscure newstands to see how *The Ring* is selling and, invariably, increases sales. "In an old store under a railroad crossing in Japan I picked up the February 1962 issue," he said the other day. "In the Nathan Road in Hong Kong I picked up the April and May issues. 'Ah, you Nat Fleischer,' the proprietor said to me. 'You here year ago.' Constantinople—Istanbul, that is—

Rome, Karachi, I always find a copy of *The Ring*. Wherever I go I get a little kick out of it."

Fleischer has refereed and judged more than 1,000 fights. Because of his age he no longer referees, but he is in great demand as a neutral judge, particularly in South America and the Orient. Last May he judged the Pone Kingpetch-Kyo Noguchi flyweight championship in Tokyo, and this September he will judge the Eder Jofre-Joe Medel bantamweight championship in São Paulo, Brazil. His career as an official has not been without incident. In 1939 he refereed a bout between Joey Archibald, the featherweight champion, and Simon Chavez in Caracas, Venezuela. The night before the fight, Fleischer was sitting in his room in his pajamas when two men entered. "They told me," Nat says, "that they had a load of dough on Chavez, took out a load of dough, which they flung on the bed, and flourished a gun. 'You know what you're going to do,' they told me. 'Put that gun away,' I said. 'I am going to call police headquarters the moment you leave the room,' and I swept the money onto the floor." Hearing this Dick Rover declaration, the men left. The bout went on under heavy police guard. Alas, Chavez won. "Without explaining what had happened," Fleischer recalls, "I asked Archibald to go all out for a knockout, but the high altitude sapped his strength. After the fight I told him why I had done this, and expressed my regrets. 'Gee, Nat,' Joey told me, 'I just thought you wanted me to put the U.S. on top of the heap.'"

Fleischer has also been instrumental in discovering, either in person or "by extolling the deeds of these fellows in *The Ring*," close to two dozen fighters. The most successful was Max Schmeling, with whom Nat held a contract as a 10% American manager. According to Fleischer, Max wouldn't have fought in the U.S. unless he felt he was in reliable hands. Fleischer never honored the contract, which would have earned him \$200,000. "I simply held it as a souvenir," he says. "It was just a ruse to get him over here. I never had a desire to manage." Other fighters Fleischer discovered didn't fare as well as Schmeling. There was Ted Sandwina, for instance, another German heavyweight. "That fellow," says Fleischer, "was a flop."

Carrying on what he calls "the romance of the ring," Fleischer has given out 198 championship belts since 1922. "They stand me close to \$500 apiece," he says, "and they go to champions of all classes, including foreigners. With reference to the belts, this is one occurrence worthy of note. In 1948 I brought to England a championship belt for Ranty Monaghan, the flyweight champion. I was told that I would have to pay a duty of 22 pounds. I protested. I told them that the British government should be honored to have this handsome trophy of international recognition. I thereupon left the belt with customs and said I would take the matter up with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The next day I received a letter by messenger from The House of Commons. It said that the matter of the belt would be taken up tomorrow and that the House would be honored to have my wife and I present for the debate. We had a lovely lunch in the

House, sat in the front row and listened to the discussion. A member got up and said, 'Will it please the Chancellor of the Exchequer what his intentions are relative to the belt?' Somebody else got up and said, 'I understand the American Nat Fleischer is in the audience. If he will return to the hotel a check will be there in the sum of 22 pounds.' Since then there has been no trouble. A trophy given to a British subject comes in free of duty."

Fleischer and his managing editor, his son-in-law Nat Loubet, have, between them, the largest library on boxing and wrestling in the world—some 2,000 volumes. Fleischer also owns the most complete set of the *Police Gazette* extant and has tried, unsuccessfully, to sell it to the New York Public Library. "I told the public library, you're making a grave mistake. It's Americana. Call it filth if you want to, but it's the real story of America. They wouldn't agree with me." This is a radical statement for Fleischer, who is passionately high-minded. On the contents page of *The Ring* there is this stirring paragraph: "*The Ring* is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter either in the text or the advertisements which would be offensive. The publisher of *The Ring* guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining and it is clean." As Nat says, "In the early days of *The Ring*, other sports magazines contained a lot of filthy ads—lonely hearts and that stuff. I am utterly opposed to such advertising. I think it an outrage. *The Ring* is a magazine catering to young boys."

When Fleischer was refereeing the Harry Jeffra-Speder Armstrong featherweight title bout in Baltimore on July 29, 1940, it was 102" at ringside. Nat recalls: "After the 11th round I took my tie off. After the 12th I unbuttoned my shirt. After the 13th I pulled off my shirt. After the 14th I took off my undershirt. After the 15th I held up the hand of Jeffra and slumped against the ropes, hardly able to budge. A lady came up to me and said, 'So you're the Nat Fleischer who preaches morals in *The Ring*! You should be ashamed of yourself, taking off your underwear in public!'"

Nat is reluctant, but only momentarily, to discuss what he considers his major contribution to boxing. "After I published my autobiography, *50 Years at Ringside*, I got a lot of letters saying the book was interesting but I bragged too much. But I take great pride in what I have done. What I deem the major work I've accomplished over the years is the influence I've had in obtaining world recognition for boxing by organizing organizations to control the sport in various parts of the world. Before that it was haphazard, at best." Fleischer helped set up the Cuban commission, the South American federation, the Japanese commission, the Oriental federation ("As a result," he says, "there have been five world championship bouts in Tokyo, three in Thailand"), the West Indies Union, the old European federation, the Texas commission and the Philippines commission.

About the only memorable date in the history of boxing that Fleischer is ignorant of is the date of his birth. He was born in 1887 on New York's Lower East Side, but the date has been lost. When he was about 21 he selected November 3 for his birthday; he wanted to vote in an important election.

Nathaniel Stanley Fleischer became interested in boxing because his father smoked Sweet Caporals and Murads, which came with cigarette cards depicting boxers. He saw his first fight in 1899—Terry McGovern vs. Pedlar Palmer for the bantamweight championship in Tuckahoe, N.Y. A fortnight later he took up boxing and became, in time, captain of the boxing team as well as president of the Oregon Athletic Club in New York City, which was sponsored by the Brace Memorial School for Newsboys. Nat also played first base and catcher on the Oregon AC baseball team, did track bicycle riding, broad-jumped 19 feet 10 inches and ran the 100 in 10.2 at New York's City College, from which he graduated with a B.S. in botany and chemistry in 1908. With his longtime friend Dan Daniel, at present a sports columnist for the *New York World-Telegram and The Sun*, he organized CCNY's first basketball team. "Mr. Daniel and I both set intercollegiate basketball on its feet," Fleischer says. "We had an outstanding team. We beat MIT and Army." Fleischer's boxing career—he weighed 122 pounds—came to an end with what he calls "a bang on the chin." One Joe Gordon, who outweighed Nat by 10 pounds and was, in addition, a ringer, or a professional fighting under an assumed name, knocked him out. Nat awoke with two of New York's most celebrated ladies, sponsors of the Boys' Club where he fought, ministering to him. Mrs. Oliver Harriman rubbing his forehead and Mrs. Jay Gould patting his hand.

Another "bang" concluded his career in chemistry. Fleischer had become interested in journalism as editor of a monthly at P.S. 15. While at CCNY he was campus correspondent for two dailies and worked on the sports desk of the *New York Press*. After graduating he passed a teaching examination and, while working on the *Press* nights, taught sixth-grade girls botany at P.S. 7. But he didn't like teaching, and he abandoned it for a graduate course in commercial chemistry at New York University. "It took only a few months," he says, "when, sleepy following a hectic, long night at the *Press*, I mixed the wrong solutions in a special morning test, blew up part of the laboratory, and Professor Hill, my instructor, suggested it would be best for me to resign. This I did."

He next took a summer course in forestry at Yale, but that career was nipped in the bud. He still retains a great interest in horticulture, however. "Whatever I plant comes up pretty well," Nat says. Once, in Bangkok, he ate some exotic oranges and placed the seeds, which he had first dried in the sun, in his wallet. Back home, he planted them in pots in his room, later transplanting the trees to his yard. The orange trees are now two and a half feet high. Once in Sorrento—"that's in Italy," advises Nat—he obtained roots from black and white fig trees. He took these to his home in Long

continued

Beach, Long Island, and when he moved last year to Atlantic Beach they were seven feet high and loaded with figs.

"In 1942, shortly after we had entered the war, rationing had begun and there was a scarcity of vegetables and fruits, since a good portion of our produce was taken by the government," Fleischer has written, in a good example of his later, almost Biblical, style. "I owned two lots on one side of my home, then in Long Beach, and one on the opposite side, each 100 by 100 feet. I decided to experiment on an agricultural basis. At the time the use of fuel oil was not as prevalent as now. Most of the homes at the beach used coal. I asked my neighbors to deposit their ashes in my empty lots instead of with the Sanitation Department and after I thought I had a sufficient quantity, I halted the dumping and ordered 10 truckloads of good topsoil and 10 bags of government fertilizer such as was generally used by produce farmers. I requested federal permission for their purchase (since fertilizer could be used only by farmers) and, this granted, I had the topsoil and fertilizer spread and I had the first victory garden on Long Island.

"So successful was I, that I hired a gardener to work steadily for me as a general house worker, a Georgia Negro, Louis Dixon, and together we planted vegetables, sweet potatoes, squash, watermelon, beans, etc., and soon we had an abundance. So hardy was my victory farm, that the *New York Herald Tribune* sent a photographer to take pictures for a special Sunday page, and after that was published, I induced the city of Long Beach to open all vacant lots belonging to the city to people with adjoining property and soon Long Beach was a city of victory gardens. Most of what was produced on my property was turned over to the Long Beach Hospital.

"I had been showing fight pictures and lecturing to the armed forces in Nova Scotia, and from there I brought down to New York Nova Scotia corn kernels and planted them. With my rich soil, produced by the mixture of ashes (a splendid fertilizer and holder of water), topsoil and good fertilizer, I produced corn stalks 14 feet high, with as many as 12 corn ears. I was told it was as fine Nova Scotia corn as ever was produced in our part of the country. Farmers from several parts of Long Island came to see what I had done, and were interested to know of the mixture that produced such fine products. It was a worthy and successful experiment, but unfortunately I spent so much time bending and lugging heavy loads that I suffered a double hernia. However, I didn't give up my farm until three years later, when I turned the vacant lots into grass fields to beautify my home.

"At the time I started this experiment, I planted some pits and I raised four beautiful peach trees. Seven years later, they began to bear fruit and last year the peaches were as large as McIntosh apples and very sweet and we had an abundance."

After his whirl at forestry at Yale, Fleischer decided that



Rooted in the past, Fleischer wistfully contemplates memorabilia and great action in Ring Museum and Hall of Fame.

he would be a full-time journalist. Under Frank A. Munsey, who bought and merged newspapers with abandon, Fleischer was, for 13 years, sports editor of the *San*, the morning *Herald*, the *Telegram* and *Evening Mail* and the *Evening Telegram*. In 1927 Scripps-Howard bought the *Telegram* and Fleischer was cunning. He thereupon devoted all of his time and considerable energies to *The Ring*, which he had founded in 1922.

The Ring is thriving. "Despite boxing being at its present low level," Fleischer says, "the public likes to read about individual fighters past and present." When the issue price was recently increased from 35¢ to 50¢ there was a 7% circulation gain for the first issue and an increase of a couple of thousand for each subsequent issue. As a rule, one-eighth of *The Ring's* pages are devoted to professional wrestling, which distresses Fleischer, who used to be an advocate of the game. "Years back," he says, "there was true wrestling. They knew the game from A to Z, they were masters of the art. I myself wrote the wrestling section then. But I quit after the retirement of the eldest Zbyszko and London. I quit because to me wrestling was an art which I loved. This is a burlesque! Once in Italy I saw Primo Carnera wrestle his own manager, who was disguised as an Arab. Primo tossed him in seven minutes, and the house, which was packed, cheered its head off. We have at least 20,000 fervent readers of wrestling. They are organized into fan clubs. We have over 70 wrestling stringers. You can't convince them that anything is wrong. The wrestlers come into my office and laugh. But if we were to eliminate wrestling we'd lose 20,000 readers."

After its formative years *The Ring* has been, generally, a profitable publication, with the exception of the war years, when Fleischer was permitted to publish only 54,000 copies. He presented the Army with 13,000 free copies a month and ran off a special 250-copy edition of the record book for camp libraries. This patriotic largesse paid off with a circulation gain of 30,000 in less than a year after V-J day, the bulk of the new subscribers being ex-servicemen. One of the experiences that most moves Nat involved "one lovely letter I got during the war from the Mesopotamia district—around there—from a fellow who noticed a copy of *The Ring* in a hut where the boys stopped for a little liquor—grog he called it. He wanted to know whether he could become a subscriber. Don't pay, I wrote back, you're on as long as the war is on. Three years later, in 1944, I got a letter from his mother. 'Dear Mr. Fleischer,' it read, 'I would be grateful if you would stop sending the book to my son who, unaware to you, has been killed in action. I am forwarding a photograph of my son and several of his mates in Egyptian territory reading your magazine.' I ran the picture in *The Ring* with the caption: 'Reading *The Ring* before being killed in action.'"

Fleischer gets a lot of mail beginning, "My son wants to become a professional fighter," as well as letters from youngsters inquiring whether they should take up boxing as a ca-

reer. "I tell the mothers that if the boy likes boxing as an exercise, by all means don't discourage him, otherwise he may become a street fighter. I tell the lads that they should take up a job instead, that that will be their future, that the chances of becoming wealthy through boxing are practically nil and not to turn professional unless they have real ability."

Fleischer feels that boxing is "at its lowest ebb" because of a lack of talent, the failure of young kids to come out for the sport, television and the loss of the small clubs—the incubators. "The American way of living under the present government," he says, "gives a good living wage in any field without the element of danger. Before, the boys were hungry; they had insufficient work at low pay." Only in Asia does Nat find boxing on the rise. "In Bangkok, Tokyo, Singapore, there are hungry kids," he says. "There are nine gyms now in the heart of Tokyo. Ten years ago there were only two. It seems to me that, though boxing is at its lowest ebb, it will make a comeback, but only in those countries that do not have to depend on television to promote boxing. In the U.S. it is virtually at a standstill. We've made a little progress with some small clubs opening up, but the talent isn't there. Though you hear the steady call for the death knell of boxing I don't think you can kill it. The public interest, as shown by TV, will keep the sport alive, no matter how small or how few. But it will never come back like before."

"I've always stuck to the oldtimers because I saw them," Fleischer says. "They are fellows who were far superior to the boys today. In recent years their equals were Willie Pep, Tony Canzoneri, Lou Ambers, Jimmy McLarnin and fellows like Rocky Marciano on his heavy hitting, not as a boxer. These fellows are more like the oldtimers in that they possessed combinations." In Fleischer's alltime rankings, which list 10 men in each of the eight weight divisions, it is rare to find a man who boxed into the '40s; there are but 11, and only one is rated higher than fifth—Jack Dempsey, who had three bouts in 1940 after an eight-year layoff.

"Feinting today," continues Fleischer, "is absolutely a lost art. The last man to feint well was Benny Leonard. [He retired undefeated in 1925, making a brief comeback in 1931–2.] I don't think the technique of boxing has advanced since 1940. Today they do not go in for the development of science but for the pell-mell mix, trying to batter a man down, score heavy hits at the expense of ring cleverness. I attribute this wholly to TV. The sponsors want an action fighter. The public hisses and boos boxers performing a clever piece of work. I remember the days when you saw a beautiful machine out in the field there and you loved it. Nobody hissed Tommy Loughran! Now the public has been educated to demand ring action of a gory spirit. Any of the clever boys of the past would stand the fighters of today on their ears."

"And the trainers we have today, a lot of them are what I call shoemakers. They lack the knowledge of caring for their fellows. Still, thank the Lord, we have a handful as

continued

good as we had in the past. With them training was a business. They had wonderful trainers then. Boxing is backward, very backward. I've been severely criticized, but American boxers, with the exception of the two lower divisions, are still superior. What's wrong with our boys? they ask me in the Orient. Your training may be all right, I tell them, but your seconds don't know their business.

"There were far better judges and referees then, too, with a few exceptions. Now we have many men of incompetence with political affiliations. A number of officials today are influenced by the howling crowd and applause; they try to follow the accuracy of the mob instead of their own. And they don't know how to score. They score for aggressiveness when they should only be scoring for effective aggressiveness. And they are too timid, too often afraid to act. Too often they don't even warn a fighter, or take a point away for an infraction. On January 12, 1942 I refereed a fight in Toledo between Billy Conn and Henry Cooper. Up to the fifth round there was very little action. In the sixth round the crowd began to hiss and boo and toss paper. I stopped the fight, jumped up to grab the mike and made this announcement: 'You are not seeing a fight. Unless there is more action I am requesting the police department to return your money and I am declaring it no contest.' There was a hell of a battle after that, and Conn won. When the fight was over, Billy said to me, 'Gee whiz, Nat, you've got a hell of a nerve! Mike Jacobs is going to match me for the championship. You want me to get knocked out?' 'Don't you think you should earn your money, Billy?' I asked him. 'And besides, now you're in trim.'"

Conn and Ingemar Johansson are only two of the fighters whom Fleischer has brought to prominence through his ratings. Nat hotly defends *The Ring's* rankings against the National Boxing Association's, which have only been compiled for the last few years. "*The Ring*," he says, "is an international magazine catering to a great majority. We stood steadfast behind Archie Moore as long as other groups refused to accept the NBA edict vacating his title. When New York acted and Great Britain and Europe followed suit, we said we could no longer stand by ourselves and we vacated his title, too. We're not a discriminatory body opposed to the NBA, but we feel we must stand by the majority when a controversial matter comes up. When the world at large changes, we change."

"We disagree heartily with most of the NBA's rankings. They rate men in order to please commissions in foreign countries or here who don't belong in the first 10. Take Sid Prior, an Australian junior welterweight. The NBA ranks him ninth. He doesn't mean a thing. Hank Casey, the ninth-ranked middleweight—he's been inactive. The NBA's ratings are not legitimately based. I call them a geographical present. Of course, today you're lucky to be able to rank 10 men in a division. In the old days you had 20 men deserving of the top 10."

Fleischer lives alone in Atlantic Beach, moving to Scars-

dale, N.Y., where his daughter, son-in-law and three grandchildren live, when it gets cold. (His wife, Gertrude Phillips, in her youth a Broadway actress, died in 1949.) He keeps to a precise schedule. "I take the 4-19 train home from the office," Nat says. "When I get home I change my clothes for sitting clothes, fix dinner—I cook my own meals, except twice a week when I eat out—and watch TV until 8. I like the 7 o'clock news and I'm fond of a good western. Then I read until 10, when I go to bed, unless there's a fight. I keep to a steady routine. I don't smoke or drink. My drinking is confined to ginger ale and an occasional glass of sherry. I get up at 5, at 5:30 I have breakfast, and I get the 6-45 train in, arriving at the office between 7:20 and 7:30. I'm a person who doesn't need a lot of sleep. I require every night at least one barbiturate to put me to sleep. It gives me three hours of sleep. I need two more hours of sleep when I'm on the road. I or lunch I have my secretary make me two cups of coffee. That's my normal routine day after day."

For the future, Fleischer sees the need of a national boxing commissioner. "We need a firm control and jurisdiction in order to prevent what we now have—the failure of uniform legislation. The commissioner will be a preventative against any commission discarding the actions of all other commissions. It is my contention that boxing commissions are too soft, they bend backwards to obtain contests regardless of the ability of the individuals. The majority are much too politically inclined to carry out their duties in a beneficial manner. We've seen this in the case of Pennsylvania. They've altered their stand on a number of occasions to accept fights voted against in an NBA poll. California, on the other hand, adheres strictly to the rules. They're the finest commission in any part of the world."

"We also need better matchmaking. At the present time it is of a type. The same faces are seen repeatedly on TV, with the result that the public loses a lot of interest. We need new faces but we've got to stop the importation of too many foreign fighters to the exclusion of American lads. We're alienating the affection of American lads, who are fed up with what I call the crumbs, while foreigners who can't do too well where they come from get lucrative fights."

The future of Mr. Boxing, himself, is brighter. As he says, he comes from hardy stock. One of his grandfathers lived to be 102, a grandmother to be 101. He has a sister, Edith, 85; another sister, Rebecca, 82; a brother, Mark, 80; a brother, Joseph, 79; and a kid brother, Dr. M. B. S. Fleischer, 72. Nat just keeps reliably ticking away like one of his antique watches. "Boxing for me," says Fleischer, "wasn't wholly a means of obtaining a living. It was a lot of fun, a lot of satisfaction and a love for the sport. I made thousands of friends. Today I can go to any part of the world and there is somebody who is my friend. Look at this letter I got today from Sir Roy Welensky, the Prime Minister of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, asking me to give him a 'little line on Liston.' That's a pretty nice letter to get from the prime minister of a country." Nat Fleischer beamed.

END



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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by FRANK DEFORD

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Benny (Beat 'Em, Ruces) Benack is making no friends in **Philadelphia**, where he leads a band that sometimes entertains at Forbes Field. There is a feeling among the Pirates that, when Benny shows up, the Pirates play poorly. "Ees jeens," said Roberto Clemente as Benny blew his trumpet, and the Pirates blew one to the Giants. This set the team on its way to a six-game losing streak that put the geographical center of the pennant race right back in California. All over it was no week for music lovers. In **Cincinnati**, where it had been the custom for the organist to play between innings, inciting the fans to scream "charpe," Umpire John Conlan ordered a stop to the music. There is a rule against organ playing, he reported. What rule? "My rule," Conlan said. Without the music, the Reds kept right on beating the Pirates. Jim O'Toole pitched a one-hitter and Leo Cardenas hit .400 for the week, as last year's NL champs won nine straight. Even with Tony Gonzalez batting .500, **Philadelphia** won only three, but they were enough to give the Phillies more victories than they managed all last season. Those other darlings of European television fans, the **Chicago Cubs** (page 44), didn't exactly rocket into orbit, but they did move up a notch to eighth in their own familiar wasteland: the second division. Ernie Banks hitted three homers and Andre Rodgers hit .556. **St. Louis** was 3-4 for the week, and it would have been worse but for an electrical engineering teacher at the University of Missouri named Charlie James, who moonlights at night field with the Cardinals. He hit a three-run homer to stop the Mets, 6-5, and kept the Cards from dropping a doubleheader. Houston didn't win any games at all and only scored six runs all week. But for personal misery, it is back to **New York**, where Bob G. Miller (there are two Bob Millers on the Mets) threw his first pitch as a Met, and the Braves' Del Crandall slapped it out of the park to give Miller his first loss in minimum time. Everyone was hitting for **Milwaukee** (6-1), with a wondrous team batting average of .309. Roy McMillan was at .450, Hank Aaron at .433. Joe Adcock scrambled by at .400, but he may be excused because he also hit 3 HRs (one grand slam, 10th in his career). Eddie Matthews also hit 3 HRs (career: 391 now) and even Warren Spahn hit one (career: 31, tops for NL pitchers. And out West, where it all counts

now, a crew of **San Francisco** students, equipped with sandpaper, moved into Candlestick Park to smooth out splinters that fickle fans have been complaining about. This is all very accommodating, of course, but where there are no splinters this week there may be neither fans nor splinters next: in **Los Angeles** the Dodgers routed the Giants. Frank Howard led the way, closing out a week of .500, 4 HRs and 13 RBIs. The pennant race's geographical center was practically in Glendale by Saturday night.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Manny Jenkins, though no All-Star choice, remains the second best hitter in the league. The fact must cheer Hank Bauer, his **Kansas City** manager, but it disturbs Owner Charles O. Finley. He phoned Bauer the other day and had this to say of his Dominican Republic star. "Jenkins is smart, and he's going for singles and a better average. I don't pay Jenkins to hit singles. You get him in your office and get somebody to interpret and bang your fist on the desk." A saddened Manny heard and said: "I try 1 try." Bauer had still more problems; his heretofore guaranteed ninth-place standing was being threatened by **Washington**, which, at 6-2, had consecutive winning weeks for the first time this year. It wasn't merely the Senators' suddenly superb pitching, for 10 different players hit 14 HRs, and the team made 20 hits in one game, 20 runs for the week. Forty miles up Route One, in **Baltimore**, things were more tense. The Orioles, league leaders in games lost by

LUCKY LEFTIES: Twins' Dick Stegman, Reds' Joe Nuxhall, the latter just back from rumors, won easily as teammates hit loudly for them

errors (11), were warned by General Manager Lee MacPhail that if there wasn't more hustle in '62 there would be lighter paychecks in '63. The warning was sent shortly after two Orioles slid into third base (from different directions) at the same time. The money-hungry players pulled themselves together and finished the week 5-3. **Cleveland** stopped its nine-game losing streak, dropped to fifth, and the fans started talking about the Cleveland Browns. **Detroit** split six. Al Kaline was back, but it was too late for the Tigers, though he stepped right in and won a game with a two-out ninth-inning single. Norm Cash hit three homers to take over the AL lead, but last year's .361 batting champion still isn't hitting singles. He has only 16 for the season—and 29 home runs. Perhaps Cash is out to prove the old saw that singles hitters don't drive Cadillacs. Another old wives' tale got support in **New York**. The story goes that journeyman are suddenly transformed into stars when they put on the Yankee pinstripe. The latest case in point, Dale Long, recently acquired as a .241 hitter, batted .348 for the Yanks and hit two HRs, one that ended a 12-inning game. For plain courage, no one touched **Minnesota's** Jim Kaat. He took a hard ground ball in the teeth, and lost three of them. Four days later he was back on the mound—he won and ripped out two hits. **Los Angeles**, still using pitchers like extras in a Hollywood Bible movie (22 appearances this week, 316 for the season), won three and lost four to drop further back. For **Chicago**, there was the ridiculous (Jim Landis, 0-34 before he finally tripled) and the sublime (Floyd Robinson: 6-6 in one game). With **Boston** (1-7), it wasn't just a case of fading, but of disappearing. Pitcher Gene Conley and Utilityman Plumpie Green left the team bus in a New York traffic jam, and a two-night doubleheader in Washington was played and lost before Green showed up. Conley turned up at home in Massachusetts three days later. Six pitchers gave up 67 runs for the week—13, 11, 14 and nine in successive games. Lead-off man Billy Gardner made 12 hrs, but his teammates got him home just once. They might as well have gone off with Conley and Green.

END

THE ROOKIES

	AMERICAN LEAGUE	NATIONAL LEAGUE
Batting	Jenkins, KC .331	Kaat, NY .361
Runs	Tresh, NY 50	Busch, CH 62
Hits	Jenkins, KC 118	Hollier, CH 112
Doubles	Rodgers, LA 26	Busch, CH 20
Trips	Adair, MIN 6	Hollier, CH 7
Home runs	Charles, KC 12	Hollier, SF 10
	Tolson, BOS 12	
RBI's	Jenkins, KC 55	Hollier, CH 38
Stolen bases	Charles, KC 12	Busch, CH 11
		Seaver, PH 11
Pitching	Stenhouse, WASH 10-4	Koonce, CH 8-3
ERA	Rodato, BOS 2.10	Lambie, PH 2.62
IP	Stenhouse, WASH 137	Jackson, NY 146
Strikeouts	Belbecky, LA 16	Bennett, PH 10
Complete games	Stenhouse, WASH 6	Jackson, NY 6

Based on stats through Saturday, July 25.

19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

CASHING IN ON OFF-TRACK CACHÉ

Sirs:
Thanks to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and to the finding of Newsboy Moriarty's millions (*The Houser Bookie Who Didn't Like Bats*, July 16), a proposal to legalize off-track betting and place it under state supervision now has a chance of clearing legislative hurdles in New Jersey.

On June 21, speaking before the State Tax Policy Commission, I presented figures from your recent article, *Tracks that Are Paved with Gold* (May 28), which showed that in one 24-hour period Americans bet \$26 million at the tracks and an estimated three to five times that amount off track with illegal bookmakers.

Twelve days later, on July 3, the first Moriarty cache was uncovered (to the tune of \$2.4 million), and people everywhere—legislators included—began to think about the health and educational benefits to be derived from legalized off-track betting and a state lottery.

THOMAS GANGLISH
Mayor

Jersey City

Sirs:

There are about 50,000 bookies around the country like Newsboy Moriarty who, because of more and more stringent laws against accepting bets, hide their money and don't pay any taxes.

I will wager that every one of these bookmakers would be happy to live like a human being and pay his just share of taxes, if only our hypocritical lawmakers at all levels would give him a chance.

Why can't we profit from the lesson that Prohibition taught us?

RALPH MAGUIRE

New Orleans

NOT SO BRAVE FANS

Sirs:

Let's analyze some of the reasons listed by Walt Bingham for the decline in the Milwaukee Braves' attendance (*No More Joy in Beertown*, July 23):

1) Trading of Billy Bruton. This trade brought All-Star Second Baseman Frank Bolling, only Schoendienst was a greater favorite of the fans.

2) Braves are too old. No team in the league has had a greater percentage of total playing time by first- and second-year players; and for what team's right fielder, third baseman and catcher would Bingham trade such graybeards as Hank Aaron (28,

Eddie Matthews (30) and Del Crandall (32)?

3) Young players have failed. The rookie fielders aren't ready, but can Bingham name a more promising group of rookie pitchers than the Braves' Hendley, Lemaster, Butler, Fischer, Cloninger and Raymond?

The most plausible reason for the attendance decline is a natural and understandable fan reaction to a second-division team after the best overall nine-year record in the league.

DONALD K. MUNDY

Milwaukee

Sirs:

There's nothing wrong with the Milwaukee Braves that a few trades won't cure. Send Birdie Tebbetts back to Cincinnati for Joey Jay, and John McHale back to Detroit for either Billy Bruton or Bob Scheffing.

AL POLLINGER

Neenah, Wis.

Sirs:

They could serve free beer at the Braves games today and still not fill the stadium.

DAVID M. PLANNING

Milwaukee

THE REDS WILL REMAIN

Sirs:

I have no intention of moving the Cincinnati Reds anywhere. In his story *No More Joy in Beertown*, Walter Bingham states that I want to move the club. This is completely false.

I sent the Crosley Foundation a signed statement indicating my determination to keep the Reds in Cincinnati. This was widely publicized, as were my repeated statements to the press that the "Reds will remain in Cincinnati." I can't make it any plainer.

WILLIAM O. DeWITT
President, Cincinnati Reds, Inc.

Cincinnati

DEBUNKED DEBAUCHERY

Sirs:

After reading Mr. Daniel Ronald Hoffman's inspiring letter (19th Hole, July 23) denouncing baseball, golf, bowling, fishing, sailing, etc., as "physical debauchery" sports, I decided to do something about it.

It was a ridiculously simple matter to persuade 21 of my 35- to 50-year-old neighbors to join me in taking up football again. We practice two hours every evening in full equipment, and the sweet sound of leather

continued

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15TH HOLE — around

cracking leather now echoes through the neighborhood.

We seriously plan to challenge the Packers and Gulls to exhibition games, proceeds from which will go toward the establishment of the "Daniel Ronald Hoffman home for Debauched Athletes" to take care of such physical degenerates as Arnold Palmer, Stan Musial, Jack Nicklaus and Warren Spahn.

J. L. GRAY

Springfield, Ohio

Sirs:

Perhaps Reader Hoffman should publish his own magazine and devote its pages to "strength, speed, coordination, endurance, stamina and moral fiber." He might even call his magazine *Push-ups Illustrated* or some other equally catchy title.

Of course, if Reader Hoffman doesn't care to go into the publishing business, maybe he could have a congressional committee investigate the "pseudosports" which are featured in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. The committee might change the rules to make them more athletic and strenuous. For example, horse races in which the jockeys carry the horses (with appropriate weight allowance of course). Or golf played with 20-pound sledges and an iron ball (the penalty for a shot out of bounds—50 laps around the greens).

CHUCK HEMMINGER

Butler, Pa.

Sir:

What is Mr. Hoffman's sport? Hunting out of season?

HAL JERNIGAN

Jacksonville, N.C.

BIG BOY, BOB CERV

Sir:

In your July 16 *BASEBALL'S WEEK*, it was stated that Bob Cerv of Houston has "massive 48-inch thighs." I'll have to agree that they are massive, but I doubt their size.

If his thighs are 48 inches in girth, this would mean that his waist would be around 75 inches and his chest about 90 inches.

It seems that they would have to do more than rip the seams of a regulation uniform and restitch them. They would have to have a new uniform especially made for Cerv by the nearest tent company.

Of course, the statement might be taken to mean that his thighs are 48 inches in length which would mean that Cerv is about 18 feet tall.

But since neither is very likely, it was probably a typographical error.

ED YOUNG

Gillespie, Ill.

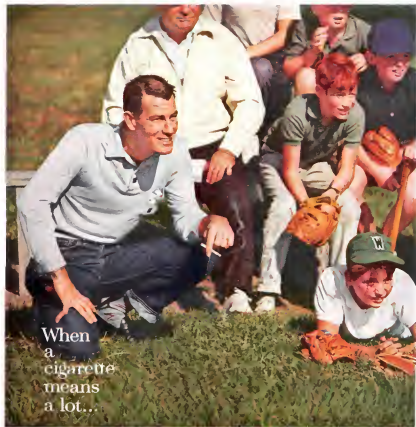
● It sure was.—ED.

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a lot...

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